

# THE RADICAL.

APRIL, 1867.

## THE SPIRITUAL PROMISE OF AMERICA.\*

THE quality of Religion depends on the instant sway of the Ideal over faculty and conduct. Where the saint or hero stands, becomes a throne : his star, like the child's in the legend, is right over his head ; but the star of the dreamer is shining far behind him or before, on men of old, or men to come. In the study of a religious epoch it is of first importance to inquire where it locates the kingdom of God. And here we discover an impressive law of historical progress. Early races beheld the divine state in a remote Past : in a Golden Age forever lost, when a lifetime spanned a thousand years, and the gods dwelt among men. This was the *mythological* Ideal. As actual uses began to be studied, and social hopes were born, the ideal was shifted to the *Future*. Still it was but recovery of some lost bliss ; a *traditional* perfection was reflected back from the coming day. The desire was to the Future, but the trust was in the Past. The Greek saw before him the returning glory of his ancestral demigods, the Roman a new Saturnian Age, the Jew his Messianic Thrones. Christianity inherited the impulse. From the days of apostles who preached the return of their Master in the clouds, its ideal has been mainly an expansion of that first message ; a Church of the Future, its law in the Past ; a coming Kingdom, its King a tradition, a record, a personal life gone by ; a promise of the Spirit, but a Spirit already defined and committed. This is the *prescriptive* Ideal.

But the hope of Man will not be stayed on the return of any foregone experience, nor cast in any definite mould ; it hails a perpetual onward movement, and the kingdom of God becomes but another name for the *Progress of the Race*. Here at last the emphasis shifts. No more looking back for finished products. The earlier is simply

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germ of the later ; to-day is necessarily more than yesterday. Every pious idealization of persons or races comes under critical estimates of their preparatory function ; they become part of the historic chain. Even the sublime meanings hid in their immortal words can only *come out* through the growth of humanity, and to suppose a 'Christ' conscious of this larger application of his speech, would be to mistake a fragment of mankind for the whole. Man is seen as the progressive manifestation of God ; Incarnation as the law, not as the exception. A Human Race stands in place of races ; a Human Nature in place of privileged natures. Since the Italian Vico first essayed to sketch a providential movement in history, this sense of a divine process in the ages has grown into the organ of historical judgment. As it becomes clearer, it sees that this process must be constant expansion and ascent. The philosophy of Bossuet, turning history on a Hebrew pivot, perishes at its touch. The faith of Christendom, that the world is saved by one Man, intercalated between the Hebrew prophets and the Roman emperors, becomes intolerable to faith itself. The soul discovers that it does not revolve about a centre in its own immature past, but carries the whole past with it at every step, and moves to a larger experience. This is the *philosophical Ideal*.

But this is not all. It remained to be just to the Present ; to the truth that progressive life is no mere consequence of former, no mere precedent of coming life, but instant renewal ; that we see with the eyes neither of the dead nor of the unborn, but of *living faculty* ; just to the direct contact and intercourse of the soul with eternal facts ; to natural intuition and religious genius. It remained to find in the sum total of our social attainment, *the immediate God* : to give inspiration its highest expression in the largest human life ; to read the hour itself as incessant mastery of events by moral laws and spiritual forces ; to find ideal satisfaction not in the far off end they promise, but in the grand disciplines and opportunities of the process itself, by which the end is achieved. This is the *moral and spiritual Ideal* ; the *practical* also, because it demands of the present elements the whole secret of life. It includes the philosophical. It was foreshadowed in all great lives, in all inspiring beliefs, in the creative moments of every religion ; but it is the part of modern experience to bring it to full validity, and make it master of all human resource.

America, the resultant of civilizations, prepares this *highest* result. The progress of the race is our philosophy and our faith. Yet such is our concentration on the present, that past and future alike lose their hold on the imagination. We knock at the doors of the mo-

## The Spiritual Promise of America. 451

ment as those who have staked everything on what it holds. Thought leaps to act, idea to institution, belief to work, as though we had but this one day, and the night was at hand. Conscience cannot wait for posterity to fulfil its commands. Nor can penalties be deferred, even for a generation. No modern Plutarch will write to explain "why the Gods are slow to punish," with the spectacle before him of a Nation writhing in retributions which began the moment its crime had reaped prosperity enough to afford materials for their stings. The earth heaves with renovating throes; the air is aflame with moral lightning, that blinds us to all but the instant surrounding, to burn its revelation into our very being. Every hour is a crisis; all are minute men. There is a solemn haste. How superficial to call it the fanaticism of the times! It is their inspiration. Not only do they command instant obedience to each heavenly vision. They invite to it by tasks whose rewards make millennial visions tame. So vast the day's opportunity, that it absorbs the whole sight of the day. Who can recall yesterday, who predict to-morrow? It did not come of human purpose. To this concentration pointed the whole spiritual education of the race. It conditions the highest teaching. What should the maturity of man bring if not ravishment by Creative Presence? Where should it place him if not face to face with the genesis of his own spiritual life? For this is what it really imports to be thus shut up to the present. It is to recast all thought and faith in the fires of experience to a new birth. What Church and State, and Market and School are to mean for us, must be our own discovery. And the larger and closer question also, which dwarfs these special ones, what *Man* is to mean for us, is to be answered from *living data* that front us with incessant crisis, and ever finer test. The soul takes the straight path to their secret; and what in Jesus it called inspiration, is found to be none other than this use of the spiritual eye for direct seeing. The love and heroism that passed for a superhuman grace and the smile of a vanished God, breaks forth as native bloom from a homely common sense. The initiation is into those spiritual forces that do not run along the surface of the years, but rush from the central fires of truth and being. The law will not be hid that personal experience is lord; that no authority can go behind it; none supplant nor rival it. We overteach the children in the schools, and cram our brains with newspaper crudity and sensation, only to learn this by reaction. Follies of imitation, inherited taints and crude theories, rush to their extremes, that they may startle us with a sudden conviction; and our spiritual disciplines come as revelations. And when it is felt

indeed that tradition is not life, but only the dust of the earth to receive the inbreathing of life ; that not even the saintly Galilean can account for one throb of modern honor or faith, and that these but give earnest of what comes of the living intimacy of the soul with the Eternal, then at last will opportunity have due honor. Then shall the creative impulse and assurance grow to match the infinite resource. Then shall the soul and the day shine with the indwelling and inspiring God, and prayer and power be one. A child shall mean the presence of that spiritual nature from which all has come that ever came ; shall mean that all revelations begin afresh ; that all gospels lie there in germ ; and as none shall dare to measure what the days are to bring forth thence, so none shall dare to thwart nor fail to speed one upward motion of a life that comes to succor all. This is the Religion the age prepares in the ferment of this living Present by which souls and states alike are possessed. Shall we give its rising realm a name ? Names will be swift to come, swift also to pass. We may tie on our pet labels, but it is child's play. Who gives us the right to impose on it even the name of Jesus, or of Christ ? It was not mortgaged nor patented. It is alive, and will speak for itself. This authority and this liberty are of the present God. More needful than any name is to know that it is the rule of the Ideal by its own natural right, in Personality, Art, Science, Institutions.

We behold but the opening of these seals. The world was still in the prescriptive stage ; Europe was a historical consequence, a result prisoned in its causes : institutions were a crystallized deposit, here and there broken somewhat by revolutions, that had more force to break than space to create. Religion was an echo from Judea and Rome. The philosophical ideal was the rare heresy of genius ; of those who, like Spinoza and Lessing before them, " could see in the toys of children the weapons which men would one day use with a strong hand." And the moral and spiritual ideal was suppressed by organized finalities in every sphere.

Nothing less than a New World could break the spell of this historic prestige. When Emerson brought to England the morning light of a new civilization, Coleridge surprised him by inability to bend to a new companion, Carlyle by his fear that the American idea was mere rebellion, and Wordsworth by the hard limits of his thought. And still the idealists of that race with which we share our traditions of faith and freedom, leave sympathy with our great hope in man, to its political economists and inductive philosophers, hastening to reject the little one whom God lifts up here for a sign, and whose cry



for justice is the trumpet that divides the living from the dead. America shifts the emphasis at a blow. For the first time in history, free personality is the sum of all purposes ; and arrested development, final commitment to creed or status, contrary to the genius of society. The inveteracy of race itself is mastered. Civilizations melt and run as constituents in these larger fusions. Sped to a future for which the past has no calculus, matched with a continent of boundless invitations and demands, adventured on an unknown sea of political ideality, this Child of the Nations *will find its God on its own path*. Can it possibly trust in any name or creed as the last word of revelation ? Can it accept any historical ideal as the ultimate of spiritual growth ? Must not every symbolic form within which the inward life has been confined, become as dust flying from off its winged feet ?

With the new Earth, new Heavens ! A fresh continent of the *Spirit* awaits us, with its own untraceable winds, its mountain uplifts, — like those of the physical continent, the loftiest the last, — its shores that listen East and West to the all-enfolding sea.

God does not stay for those who believe that He has staked His whole resource on any reputation or commission, or that the departure of any prestige is His cry of despair. He moulds a race whose self-reliance laughs at the old dread of fatal surprises, of gulfs opening in the path of criticism or aspiration, of a final shipwreck of human peace. To cure such atony of the spiritual nerves He sends a passion to breathe the freest atmospheres and sail the least frequented seas of thought. He mixes a more than Saxon common sense and self-help with more than Italian genius for ideal beliefs ; trust in Nature and the Universe, heedless of Augustine or Calvin ; keenest scent for uses and energy to seize and develope them ; the eye for meanings hid in materials at hand, which makes inventors one way, and poets another ; the capacity to find the forces one wants wherever one is, which guarantees constant resource and gives the sense of creative power. Mark this skill to make the most of the nearest materials by faith in their ideal values ! Its concentration on the moment lays the broad basis for all masteries. Its self-sustainment will not borrow, but win. It celebrates personal faculty ; strenuous mind, the measure of forces ; self-knowledge, the sum of wisdom. It will prove, by its own inspiration and industry, the fullness of the common soul, to each the nearest presence. A theatre ample for all functions, and summoning all latent force in man and woman to the-free service of the whole, appeals to this confluence of races, fully representative of mankind.

Nor can the new type fail to resume all human faculty and faith. We can lose nothing of our heritage. Moses and Mahomet, Jesus and Socrates, all the prayers and cultures, somehow descend in the heart and brain. But we sift out their powers to serve, from their pretensions to lord our growth. We appeal to the fresh vital forces. This secular drift of American thought, the practical interests that depopulate the Churches, and disintegrate the sects, the social and intellectual friction that effaces the exclusive creeds, are but clearing the eyes for direct sight. The New World is still rising out of the sea, and means discovery, original sense, and first-hand grasp of things.

This faculty to make the most of materials, this confidence to find what one wants where one stands, was the desideratum in faith. It comes to renovate religion; to bring bloom to the face of the soul, as well as of the earth. It will free Nature, both spirit and sense, from the mythological curse. It will justify our human faculties against the blasphemies of the creed, and pronounce them competent to reveal God, and here and now to reveal Him. It will crown Life, so long disparaged in the name of Death and the World to Come. 'Put thy shoes off thy feet,' — shall it say — 'the place where thou art is holy ground.' It is not piety to be a sandalled pilgrim, longing for a far country in a weary world; but to make earth the heaven that seemed too good for it before. It is not so necessary to believe in the next world as to believe nobly in this. He is not the saint whose eye is on a Day of Judgment, but he who sinks that hope and fear in the joy of making this day justify the right, and rectify the wrong. Translate old visions into new realities that mean more than the visions: the golden age of an ideal Past, into the finer gold of humanities homeborn: the patriarch's listless life of a thousand years, into the practical life of character that turns one New England day into more than a thousand years: the mystery that wrote on some hidden statue watched by Egyptian priests, as holding the secrets of an immeasurable past, 'No mortal hath lifted my veil,' into the mystery that writes on every venture of human love and trust, "The path of every soul is the track of an infinite Care."

Mythology indeed foreshadows this highest form of Religion. It delights, in a certain rude way, to make the most of nearest materials: to bring the far-sought out of the near, the great out of the little, to find the infinite in the finite, the liberty in the limit, the God in the atom. 'Thus the Pawnee sees the house of his guardian spirit and the sign of his immortality in a skin bag, with a few herbs in it,

## The Spiritual Promise of America. 455

picked up in the fields. In the Hindoo Avatar, a Dwarf asks the evil ruler of the world a boon ; so much earth as he can stride over in three paces. It is granted as a small matter. Then the Dwarf is seen as God. His first step spans the earth ; his second, the sky ; for the third there is no place, and the usurper lays his own head beneath the miraculous foot. So the Scandinavian put the Universe into a Tree. All worlds and Gods gather about the sacred Ash : spirit and sense, good and evil, life and death contend for its possession. And the New Testament myths instate all powers in the Body of a Man. It raises from the dead : it is transfigured : the grave cannot hide, nor death hold it : ascended in glory, it returns to judge living and dead. So is it charged with miracle to manifest the Divine.

Now the progress from Mythology to practical Religion is in surrendering the license of far fetched miracle to win from the limits of real laws the best the miracle meant, and the better still it failed to mean. It simply matures that skill to make the most of the familiar and the near. Man no longer *invests* them with *dreams* of the divine ; no longer transfers them into the unknown past that his imagination may use them at its will. He delivers the divine *within* them that was waiting to be born. The Dwarf that grows to a God, and confounds the usurper, is the Moral Idea in its actual conflict with Slavery. The World-Tree is the soul of a common man or woman. God is in the Human Body *through its own natural beauty and use*. The monstrous many-headed symbols of the Eastern dreamers were succeeded by the beautiful Gods of Greece, shaped in reverence for the real human form. Supernatural Angels, winged for flight, scarce touching the earth, and supernatural Messiahs, walking the sea, and ascending the sky, are given over to the legend as this later skill in real human uses brings out man's native powers. Wings and miracles are needless ; the actual eye and hand can do better. Transfigurations are failures beside the pure training of the bodily organs. To raise from the dead is no sign of divinity, when death itself is accepted as the natural guardian, the condition of advancing life.

As soon as men recognize natural law, "miracle" becomes an abnormal, outside world, unrelated to living. The skill to win resource from the familiar facts, has dispensed with the fiction, and Religion can be at home in our works and days.

But the Old World faith was so *swathed* in miracle, such a sheen of Palestine and the Shemite enveloped it, that this step could not be taken by the people, nor in the interest of mankind. There was

need of a new hemisphere to enforce the change. There was need that the slighted forces become a colossal Presence. Niagara and Mississippi rebuke the conceit of a violation or suspension of natural laws. Our Central Mountains silence it with their natural prophecy to a mighty Heart, where the blood of all races is mingled. It is *Nature* that rears and maintains this immovable basis of national unity: this moral centre more effective than material interests or political necessities: the common mine, water-shed, physical vantage, health-giver, summer resort, eyrie of patriotism, inspiration of poetry; symbol of Deity also, before whose feet the materialism that no prescriptive ideals can master, will learn to bend in awe. Trade and enterprise, on the scale enforced by the continent, are a prodigy that leaves the mythologists no chance: the intensity of its emphasis on the present makes the old miracles dreamlike and ineffectual: its gigantic results, no fruit of interfering Providence, but won by human labor from inexorable law. Only the American scale of movement could bring out this *theological value of industrial achievement*. In crowded England, a network of traditions, the Steam Engine or Telegraph cannot tell for natural law against the instituted faith in miracle. But as binding these continental spaces, building cities in a quarter of a century, transforming deserts at a touch, making thirty States, each of national dimensions, One Nation, and compelling one heart, in these vast prospects of free growth,—it rises to its due significance, and belittles the argument of divinity from a dramatic multiplication of loaves, or a change of water into wine.

And what, on the whole, is this American "Utilitarianism"—this ardor for practical invention, for the application of natural powers to direct visible uses? Simply the *initial* phase of the genius to make the most of what is nearest. For this genius is the creative fire itself; it is the divine way: once in possession of man, it is bound to lift him to pure participation of the Divine. The dignity of Science is to unfold *familiar laws*: the crown of Culture is to be nobly shaped in their School: the gift of the Poet is lovingly to interpret the common nature; and to justify the same in every person is the province of Politics and the Laws. Religion but brings all these to their best: its ideal man can but recall to the humblest his own inmost faculty: its triumph is to find our actual limits competent to hold the highest will and work. It is but *a finer eye and heart for the meaning of the closest facts*. This guide is bound to lead the theologies, in their groping after God's Creative Act, to the instant Mystery of Life itself, and so end the dream of a miraculous beginning in its home-sense of the Constancy of the Spirit. And this

## The Spiritual Promise of America. 457

is the genius of America. It gives us our representative men, each of whom strikes full on the actual human facts as the keynote of his ideal. If it began with the ignoble ethics of "poor Richard," it has risen to the sainthood of John Brown. It is the secret of New England : distinctive of the statuary of Rogers, the poetry of Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier, the statesmanship of Sumner, the faith of Garrison, the prescience of Phillips, the theology of Parker, the philosophy of Emerson, the devout humanity of them all.

Nearest to a man is his own manhood. And so our civilization claims already to offer the largest opportunity of personal self-respect. What shall forbid one to march in his calling with the sense that it contains every element of spiritual dignity? The best Jesus could do was to point to beatitudes which may light up New England life as well, and with larger meaning. Is not the imagination that glorifies unseen continents and their divine men after all born at home, of the very scenes it has disparaged for their sake? Thoreau said of his strolls about Concord that he went out on every one as "on a crusade preached by some Peter the Hermit in him, to reconquer a Holy Land, in a spirit of undying adventure." Coming down from Wachusett he reflected that "there is no part of the earth so low, but the heavens may be seen from it ; and we have only to stand on the summit of our hour to command an uninterrupted horizon." That was true American speech, as this was indeed a representative American.

Our natural product is an apostleship of self-reliance. Our liberties teach that for each his own thought is his proper force, that he reads by his own eyes, feels by his own sense, interprets by what he is, all guides and creeds. Authority comes home, like Noah's dove, to the ark of his own mind. Himself his real teacher, shall he not believe in that part of him which leads upwards? "The divine," says a Hindoo text, "cannot be gained by knowledge of the Vedas, nor of rites, nor by manifold science. The soul of him who is desirous of knowing his soul, reveals its own truth." The old sentence comes to practical meaning. What so unbecoming an American as that *soul* should be the vaguest of terms, a dream of far off dependence on ancient mediator and book, on Hebrew literature and Latin creed, on methods of conversion, days of judgment, dead men and future worlds? Why should persons in whose politics the rights of man stand on their own authority, and ask no bolstering, drop their faith the moment you introduce the testimony of the soul to what gives those rights their meaning, — and fall back on Christian credentials? I cannot but see that this is mere contrast of surface tradition with

interior destiny : the irony in modern religion : mostly a mask men innocently wear, or the augur's demureness hiding a secret smile. The religious phrases hang about the lips, are the shibboleth of church meetings : but the great exodus from the sects is enough to show how far they are from the heart and the life. What terms for an American experience are "interests of Zion," "atonement on Calvary," "kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ" ! Are we not concerned with the soul itself, the proper personality, the life nearest Deity and Duty, nearest the occupation and the surrounding ? If the truth of Jesus is eternal, it will prove itself to be so, by coming to a Bostonian as freely and originally as it did to the Nazarene, and in a quite distinctly American form. To us it is our own form that is valid, that inspires. Our woodthrush and bobolink are sweeter than Eastern nightingales. The gallows beside Harper's Ferry is more to our purpose than the Cross on Calvary. And why these exclusive titles that hide the old manhood from the new ? The Republic knows neither Lords nor Kings, but trusts in the common citizen. And it is learning in a stern school to put off all far-worn Shemitic sandals before a Holy One who meets us where we stand. Nor is it a slow process, for the logic of democracy is swift.

And one has a nearer America, a more inward citizenship. It will be freer than the larger State, and hold allegiance to laws this is made for, but has not yet learned to obey. It must now and in fact be what the other is in theory and hope, competent to *self-direction and unmortgaged thought*. The larger America, not yet true to its idea, runs to drill and machinery. It is impatient of one who takes his own path, and will not train in squad or synod. Its religion, growing tired of the sect, is still shy of the Spirit. The drum and fife ecclesiastic turns social and political. "Fall into line, or square ; pack solid ; march in step to our new tune ; well-officered, well manœuvred ; and down with the enemy." Excellent, just in proportion as your aim is not spiritual ! Excellent for your free faith, if the enemy's absolutism were not better at these demonstrations than your freedom ; if your tune would serve to drill by as well as his. — Who can escape the canvasser and his pet plan ? "Here is our running gear ; run in it and *be* something !" All very well, if dynamics were mechanical. But the Spirit cannot be manipulated nor exploited. It will have you open to its instant voice ; it will have your eye single, your relations simple, your choice subservient to no foregone policy, organized interest or vote. It is your integrity that it wants. To be one with one's self is to be more than a multitude ; that is influence and service. Of herding souls come only herds ;



and this is not fit for America, whose aim is to make personality power. I know what the churches propose. Whose spiritual interests are they not ready to manage for him? How infectious their example even to the freer schools! But this lobbying and forcing, this lackeyhood to leaders, this idolatry of numbers and bodies, is but superficial after all; the *politics* of religion; strategy; to thoughtful men of all persuasions not a noble thing; left mostly to the ecclesiastical official; excused by many as a necessary evil. You shall have the respect due to your *self-sustainment*. The real undercurrent of democratic faith is justice to personal force and fidelity. There is nothing men desire so much as to be assured that one can find inward support and free growth from his own root. Let the young preacher show that, he shall be heard. The people shall not ask his authority in Church or Master, Bible or Mathematics, for the conviction that speaks through his lips to the common hope or need. There is a dread of *individualism*, that seems caught from the calculations of the political canvass, and slights our spiritual opportunities. American self-respect can afford to ignore it. Nothing is so impossible as for *any* life here to hide, or for any thought to fail of finding its own. Let the lesson be taught, now at last possible, that society is more than "association;" that what seems to sect or school a dark den of isolation may be the doorway into broader sympathies than they can see. It is your personal power, not your service on committees of ways and means that sends your spiritual life to its mark. Gravitation is wider than cohesion. It binds *untraceable* orbits; loves free spaces for its shapely stars. Whoso is at one with our great social currents shall find intercourse and lend furtherance wherever they flow. He needs not run about the land to marshal the elect. Is it not the true American Ideal to find largest opportunity in the simplest means and the most familiar relations? I think the passion for massing and consolidating belief is running itself into the ground, to enforce this higher spiritual principle of free personality. Private experience deepens, only to grow more sacred from classification or aggregation.

THE vast material bounty of the continent effects a change of emphasis in human thought. Shall we wonder that it gives nutriment to some ignoble ways and spiritual negations? Doubtless we are gaining this magnificent world at fearful moral cost. Who can overstate the baseness of politics, the infidelity to man? Welcome every criticism that reminds us that physical prosperity cannot generate spiritual life! Welcome Carlyle and Sydney Smith to lash the reck-

lessness and the self-applause. Welcome ridicule, invective, sneer! America deserves ten times more than she has received. It is no time to eulogize her behaviour. But we insist on a grander lesson beyond the praise or the dispraise of that. If we would learn her spiritual promise, we must read between the lines of a divine guidance and discipline.

What in sum shall we say of this worship of the Titans and the Gnomes ; of Space, Time, Fire, Steam, the Mine, the Clod ? Simply that it is but the first day's contact with the continent. The second, Nature brings us to a stand with her impassable moral conditions. First, her invitations to all ; then her compulsions to the unwise. First her marriage feast with man ; then — 'Where your wedding garment, O prosperous Nation ! Stop there, my fast young America ! not too much steam and suction, I give you notice ! I put my laws in your hands, but every one of them ultimates in justice, and shrivels the hand that withholds it. You shall plant equities where you fell forests. Sow fraud and force, and I will make your fields grow war and want. Once already have I fulfilled it, and I will forever make it good.' This Nature, so scorned of the metaphysician as mere forces of matter, were we great enough to bribe her out of her covenant with God ? Or shall we be to-morrow, if we undertake to set at nought her covenant with His poor ? There is One waiting in the wilderness whom the pioneers do not see ; whom their ringing axes do not scare away : older than the pine woods of Oregon, for He planted them ; than Ohio and Missouri, for He filled their fountains. He lets the axes hew away till all lies naked and parched. He lets the smoke of cities blacken the shores, and their vices root in the earth. But He is not dislodged from one foot of the soil, and every wave that runs black with city offal, rises at His touch. And the heart shall forget to hope before His atoms shall swerve from their bond with man's noblest aim.

Nature will not be stayed in material uses. Space in America seemed made to subserve slavery ; hid its infancy, protected its maturity against the armies of freedom ; fought us with swamp fever, tangled forest, and endless frontier line ; with barbarous hordes that never came within the same climatic zone with a free school. *This very foe is hereafter to bear witness to the binding virtue of free institutions.* It has done its utmost against them, only to prove the correlative of the democratic principle, yielding itself to be covered thereby as naturally as it unrolls its leagues beneath the advancing day. Only Liberty brings territorial integrity. Secession gives way to no other master. So mountains shall not be high, nor zones diverse

## The Spiritual Promise of America. 461

enough to bar ideas, or to separate those who need a common ideal centre of social interest, political unity, moral purpose, who need in short, a free commonwealth. *This is the first lesson of the continent in the spiritual direction.* For it is only on stern moral conditions that it has granted this boon, and nobler requisitions are yet to come."

'Not to the mere claim of rights,' saith the continent, 'will I lower my barriers and open my riches. When the moralities of freedom conquered the brutalities of slavery on the Kansas borders, I rejoiced. I said to the emigrant, 'my doors are open, my feast is spread; for you my winds and waters, mines and soils. Let greetings cross from sea to sea!' When emancipation was proclaimed, my California answered the call of Plymouth Rock. The price I asked was fair dealing with man. So much have I exacted thereof as would pay for Nationality, and that is yours. But more remains unpaid; I accept no other currency, and I will have it ever purer and of nobler stamp. Duties, not interests; rights for the sake of duties; a justice not extorted, but pursued; a common heart, a sacred passion to trust in man, to follow God. Not for your pockets or your pride of race have I set Europe and Asia in motion hither, turned all the old civilizations to this one centre, and beat their dogmas against one another, or strewn them about on my expanses, till their littleness was lost in larger faith. I build for the Spirit.

'I teach that this world has scope for all to labor, love and pray in, unwronged and as one people. I teach the consonance of individual freedom with all-preserving law. I teach the mutual help of races, distributing to the whole the talents hid in each. I bid new states outstrip the old, to show that every member should have honor, and the old believe ever in the present and the future, not boast itself above them. I forbid finalities; hide Palestine and Rome behind new problems and a new scale of sympathy. My pupil must revise all rules and beliefs, in my new spaces and liberties. I make him creative; for I have summoned humanity to free confession, and opening of the deeps whence all revelations come. He shall have the follies of the untamed pioneer; shall be self-sufficient, audacious, prying behind all mysteries, fearing no rebuff, though with a baby's string he make haste to sound the spirit worlds. He shall often mistake me, who am but quickener of his energies, for their giver. But even thus, will I make him so thoroughly at home in my laws, that he shall not again believe that the Maker has left me and withdrawn. And when I shall have compelled him to recognize the Infinite Good, he shall know it as flooding all these physical forces and material interests that have filled his horizon and absorbed his powers.'

Our Liberty insists on being read in the light of Eternal Morality and Spiritual Belief. It holds us to the full ideal meaning of the democracy we profess. We are forced to bring to validity the whole claim of human nature. Can this intense life retain *materialism* under such teaching? This exodus out of our Egypt, not yet accomplished, yet already bringing home to us so much more than shone in the old Hebrew imagination for miraculous guidance; this track of surprise, where no man can glory as having effected the work; this appeal of all duty, responsibility, prophecy to the common conscience; this divine iconoclasm, sparing no false god of the people, whether of man or measure; this overthrow of the proud, this judgment by the lowly; this exaction of the utmost penalty for every political folly or crime, were it but the senseless sacrifice of a faithful Vice President three years ago to buy the vote of an unconverted Tennessee; this sacred agitation, which nothing less than pure justice can still; this thunder of commandment forever in our ears; this lightning, forever cleaving a narrow way before us, wherein we must walk; the solemn hours when our hands have sunk powerless, only to feel the Hand that shapes all destinies closing us in from harm; when

"Nothing before, nothing behind, the steps of Faith  
Fell on the seeming void to find the rock beneath;"

the never ending call to ideal plan and venture, to heroic qualities and redeeming tasks;—if we should implore the Spirit to send us what should make materialism impossible, and all immortal gifts manifest, and confute every belief that did not begin and end in God—what else should He vouchsafe us but this? And who believes that this can pause or turn back?

What we are receiving is no gust of special favor, but the common law of the universe. It tells for all men and forever. It is the Gospel of Human Nature, and its God is in every atom of spiritual life. In Carlyle's masterly address to the Edinburg students, where he rises to the stature of his youth, he commends Goethe's fine thought of the threefold reverence needful for true manhood; first, reverence for what is above us; second, for what is on our level; and third, which is divinest, for what is beneath us, what is weak and despised. Yet this is precisely what his Europe, in that past which he idealizes, has never learned. The America he scoffs at is shaped to it on God's own anvils. Why sneer at the quixotism of stretching this principle to races hitherto identified with the brute? It is by just these that the principle is tested, and proved to be of God. And to grow this sweetest flower of faith, which could hitherto but hover in the dreams of elect spirits, this soil may well be cloven by earth-

## The Spiritual Promise of America. 463

quakes and purged by fire. For this our martyrs have died ; for this, probe but their life to its sense, have the saints and prophets lived, the poets sung, the mystics dreamed : — that it might be possible for the people to be taught that the breath of their being was in this grand compass of reverence for the divine in man. Now must a nation of nations accept it ; in the name of no Bible, no race, no creed, no Christ, but as pure human ; as its own practical experience and common sense ; as the proved meaning of a citizenship that knows no bounds, nor allows exceptions as from above human nature, or from beneath it ; accept it not as political theory or religious tradition, but as inspiration and life. How should we go back through a historical church to its reputed founder to find how such religion came into the world ? It is more than any church could give. It is that which *made* churches and their founders. It is humanity. It spoke as it could in Jesus. It speaks as it can now ; a mightier field than his, a far richer experience, a scale of forces that would make it a new thing, even if the spirit were not always new. It comes to us as opening all resources ; squaring the accounts of ages ; binding all nations to a common responsibility, a common hope and fear ; and these fresh horses of apocalyptic seals are not held within paths of Roman conquest through barbarous tribes, but rush forth on "mighty winds" of Science, Trade and Freedom that make one country of the world.

It comes to us through our own great Anti-slavery School. What disciplines of patience, sacrifice, courage, faith ! What divine legislation for the conscience, what divine education for the affections, what endless provocation to manly and womanly living ! It comes in this age of fourfold heroism ; of the early Abolitionist ; of the Fugitive Slave ; of the Soldiers of Liberty ; of the Bearers of help to the wounded, and light to those in the Shadow of Night ; bringing what fresh meanings of God, Duty, Inspiration, Immortal Life, unborrowed from the texts ! It comes in principles we are so far from owing to prescriptive ideals, that they go behind these, and call Church, Bible, and 'Christ' to their bar. It shapes new senses in us, and a new soul ; so that by no effort of imagination can we get back to the feelings of six years ago. It comes in the divinity that smites down every barrier institutions could interpose between the forsaken of men and the love that sought him out ; compels a proud people to what it feared or hated most ; goads it to the boon of emancipation, and then to the enfranchisement which is justice and respect. We exhaust all evasions only to find ourselves shut up in God's own defiles again and again, to do what shall save this rever-

ence for man. How idle the palaver of Congress, the ermine trailed in slime, the bribes of trade! What use to kiss the Southern rod? It only makes the cost of manhood greater. It must come to Grant and Sherman and the negro regiment in Charleston at last. Is the ermine still trailed, are the wheels still blocked? President and Court are there but to show how much Grant and Sherman left undone. What use to palter or dread extreme measures with these? Every moment narrows your outlet to some Thermopylæ of judgment that saves trade, party, freedom, nationality itself. The dead-lock of politics is the balk of treason, the opening for right. Best and worst are joined, by no will of man, to thwart the compromisers who bring death. Year after year, the just Sibyl tenders her books of Opportunity, their number lessened, but never a jot abated of the price. It is the Spirit's own hour. Industry was materialism. Production had no conscience, nationality no faith. Now, they are put to their tasks in a noble school no cunning can evade. Prayers for the common safety and honor have mingled with the people's toils and flowed in rivers of helpfulness and heroism. Labor has had to assume the full claims of the cheated slave. Finance enforces the law that honesty is credit, that the soul of a state makes its body, and not the reverse. The war taught wealth its spiritual uses; peace multiplies and urges them on. Citizenship was born when life grew cheap in face of duties that meant universal right. Men became our ideals who set the hearts of Europe's Victor Hugos and Garibaldis aflame. And the very cost of misgovernment is bound to enforce the same highest wisdom of honor to the wisest and best. Iron and brazen men who legislate for the people are blown before the blast of a nobler plan, whereof he was the best prophet who could carry the fewest votes for his measure when he proclaimed it. Our political idealist, who stands outside the parties, and incessantly condemns them, is forever justified, and only fails of due honor because he is forever moving, as far ahead to-day as he was yesterday. Politicians go down to the pit, and policies are beaten together like potsherds: only he is calm and sure who has the key of events in his worship of justice. Principles outstrip the prophet. He suddenly finds himself centre of a host. The least is greatest; the fanatic is our deliverer; the negro our exemplar. It is the mystic and enthusiast within us that knows the way. Woman initiates progress. The transcendentalist is pioneer in thought and faith, and waits to welcome the people into his familiar fields. We need not fear that this tide wave of spiritual discipline will turn. Nor can it mean less than that all are puppets of the thought that broods in the holy mind.



## The Spiritual Promise of America. 465

This for us is God, Revelation, Religion. Yet it comes to us in no wise as these are reported to have been 'introduced' into the world. As if to silence the old report forever, it comes simply as the play of natural laws; the everyday laws of social, moral, spiritual growth; laws whose pulses beat alike in the great nation, shut up in awe-struck moments to put its trust in God alone, and in the lonely heart learning the infinite strength that descends, when it is brought home from the backward and the forward to the straight upward look. Awful as this saving sovereignty may be to the guilty State, it is resident and domestic. It is household fire, light of day, vital force, whatever is most intimate and necessary for democratic man. It is mastering his outward, only because it is his inmost life; and it has such swift and trenchant effect in our civilization, only because it has here at last brought the human forces to free expression. These natural faculties, makers of politics, science, art, practical life are thus claimed and guaranteed as the Spirit's own—no scrubs once grafted with Revelation, but Revelation itself in the stock. These purifying fires, these divine compulsions, the first decisive language of their freedom, prove them radically divine, and seal them by pure force of nature, to all Truth, and Beauty, and Good.

And so the democratic principle cleaves the way through even the material civilization of America for the divine currents to fill all its spheres. First comes the great ideal faith in individual capacity, breaking down the barriers for every race, sex, and condition. Then grand ideal paths of duty open: all the miseries and all the nobilities of society come face to face: and love and justice spring to each mighty task as if infinite resources were already pledged to the asking. All this is but the social counterpart to that purely personal faith in the adequacy of the instant forces of God in Man which is stirring the freest souls, and lifting them out of the sects by its own natural confidence in the free spaces and the upward call. A faith that knows its commission to meet the spiritual needs of this generation. Let no one imagine he is speaking in its name if he does not speak with positive assurance. It is not drifting blindly: it knows whither it is going, has taken no step into the dark. It is the sanity of human nature. It is intuitive and spontaneous: its own guarantee, face to face with eternal promise. Yet if confirmation were needed, here it is, even in the reluctant steps of social and political experience. The Comerouter among Nations ratifies, in its own way, the corresponding step of the private soul. Even its absorbing physical Continent compels by native disciplines, the march to noble levels.

But the American youth has the advantage that he can escape this

slow compulsory movement of the mass. He need not be forced out of the sects, the prescriptive systems and policies. Why should he enter them? He has no interests to consult but those of free personal growth; fidelity to his own thought. Let him begin manhood in simple and free relations to God and his fellows. In England, even John Stuart Mill advises clergymen to remain in the National Church as long as they can accept its formularies in any sense, however remote from the common understanding of them; because otherwise the national provision for religious teachings would go into bad hands, and a church can be more easily improved from within than from without. One has here no such national provision to look after to his own demoralization; nor have our Jerichos any charmed lines that cannot be forced from without, nor any prisoning walls that will not go down before the circling trumpets of a reforming age.

But let the most ardent beware of attempting to *manage* the Religious Inspiration of the time. These undercurrents and overrulings no leader can control, no sect organize. No machinery can move these sacred springs. It is not the problem of Radical Religion to reconstruct the Church. It is its necessity to realize that every human construction must fail before the larger life that sweeps us on. 'The Church' as a special institution seems to be disappearing in the religion of moral, and political reform, of social intercourse, of literature, of science, of conversation, of personal influence. The need of social worship will endure. It will be met by what we may well enough call Churches; but their principle will probably be that of the simplest and most direct co-operation of individuals in the slightest possible bonds of organization; the free pulpit and the free seat, and the purest self-sustainment and self-direction. Beyond this, I, for one, do not feel competent, nor do I care, to look. It is no time to be settling the forms of the Future. The best one can do, it would seem, is to prepare foundations; in a personal self-sustainment and faith fit to entertain whatever divine guest may come. He will do well to note that the Spirit we serve is everywhere: the animating force of our civilization: that it hides, in manifold disguises, undiscoverable but in its effects, through all movements and relations: that he can never condense it into a star, nor confine it to a plan. It is in that peculiar habit of thought, which all Americans share more or less without knowing it, which approaches all subjects directly and freely, with full reliance on natural law and personal destiny; on the adequacy of the faculties to all needful ends. And everywhere this radical method is tending to unfold in its own ways into correspondent

religious faith. The more one seeks this in the whole life of the time, and the less in the specialized sympathy of bodies intent on their own schemes of consolidating it, the better will he know its resources and its scope, the more freely will he follow those large laws of its movement which make light of parties and their objective points. He will hold himself in reserve from these stakes and subserviencies, aware that the same Power which thus enjoins him to fair dealing with his own soul is the mighty pressure of the age. Let him speak and act from this centre, and better structures shall in due time arise, than he or his wisest comrade knows how to plan.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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SONNET.

LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

AS unto blowing roses summer dew,  
 Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,  
 So to my bosom are the beams that use  
 To rain on me from eyes that love inspires.  
 Your love, — vouchsafe it, royal-hearted few,  
 And I will set no common price thereon,  
 O I will keep, as heaven his holy blue,  
 Or night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.  
 But aught of inward faith must I forego,  
 Or miss one drop from Truth's baptismal hand,  
 Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and grow  
 Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand?

Farewell! Your wish I for your sake deny:  
 Rebel to love in truth to love am I.

D. A. WASSON.

## ATTRACTION.

**A**N eternal drawing of one body to another is the source of all the principal motions of the universe. The earth draws the apple to the ground ; the sun draws the earth, as the boy the stone in his sling, causing its orbital and diurnal revolutions. The moon draws the sea as it is turned towards her into flowing tides ; draws the atmosphere and multiplies its currents. One body of matter religiously pays its respects to another whenever it is set free. There is in everything an affectional tendency to run together. With tastes that would seem almost fastidious in sentient beings, the liberated particles of various substances single out their mates and unite in exact proportions. Even the vast rolling globes cannot disguise this tendency to rush into each other's embrace. Not one of them keeps an even course, but all, comets, planets, satellites, are wayward creatures, drawn hither and thither by every passing star. These mighty whirling masses, rushing impetuously through the great void, and due at a precise minute millions of leagues away, are susceptible to the slightest influence, and can always find time to turn out of their course to greet a neighbor, or at least to make a respectful bow to every passer-by. The politest of mortals never reached such unerring civility as these huge, senseless lumps of clay. No family of children were ever so obedient to father or mother as these children of the Sun are to that fiery sire. Earth and Venus, like loving sisters, always swerve in their orbits from an exact curve to get a little nearer as they pass, and after drawing as close as their other relations will allow, yield to the stronger attraction of the great central heart whose flame they have no power to resist. Fond and beautiful is the relation of Earth and Moon, holding on their course together, fascinated each by the charms of the other, and both obeying a still mightier force. Reserved and stately, the nod of recognition they give to Mars, blushing red as blood as he comes near, and to Jupiter, covered and crowned with jewels, and to Saturn, decked out with rings big as he can carry, and to all the rest who with admiring glances travel round the same great focus of glowing fire.

In all this we see illustration of the one universal law that each atom or mass of matter is drawn by every other atom or mass. Jesus said "No man cometh unto me except the Father draw him!" equally true is it that no apple falls to the ground except the Father draw it.

So likewise in the human world all the chief beneficent movements

come from a tendency to union, — to combination of interests, friendships, affections. There is a wonderful likeness between the law which, representing the divine Activity, brought together at first the diffuse, chaotic atoms, and formed the vast globes, and now maintains their accustomed motions, and the law of life which draws mankind into families, communities, and states, and preserves the orderly courses by which they acquire growth and power. Even the same kinds of attraction are easily traceable. Cohesion — that grip of the atoms upon each other which is broken only by the use of powerful machines — is paralleled in the human world by the feeling of clan-ship, that groups the race into a thousand tribes and nationalities, each so firmly bound together that nothing but incessant buffeting and battering can dissolve them. This feeling has always been regarded as a divine drawing of men of the same blood to each other, and under the name of patriotism has given the world its heroism, and brought about almost all great historic events. And what is it? Simply the cohesion of a people living under like climatic and other influences until they have acquired the same general characteristics and the same institutions. It is a force like to that which holds the boulder together and enables it to resist the onset of storm and tempest, the lashing of fire and wave. Then there is the force of affinity, by which liberated particles of various substances unite, each selecting its favorite associates and refusing to mix with others; this is so precisely repeated in the social world that it need only be mentioned. That power which holds two magnets together, fast as though they were one, acts again with surprising similitude in the lover's clasp, and is observable always in some degree in the influence of personal presence, in the fascination of pleasant converse, and in the force of impassioned eloquence. Then there is what is called *capillary* attraction, an influence that causes liquids to rise through open tubes or porous bodies. A sponge, hung so as to touch a bowl of water, soon fills itself full. This kind of influence is so clearly seen in the human world that there is a class of men who are commonly known as sponges. Under the pretense of some friendship, kinship, or fellowship, they are always drawing upon your hospitality or your charity; or, worming themselves into your confidence, lie like a leech upon your heart and suck out its secrets. The action of this kind of attraction is seen in the readiness of people to be *taken in*. Men so dearly love to be humbugged that they will persist, now and then, in choosing at elections the worst persons for the highest places, as if one proposed to practice upon themselves. They will flock under the banner of the most absurd creed, they will rush after lotteries and

gift enterprises, so that a man has but to hang out his sign that he is ready for a small consideration to give away a mansion in heaven or a block in Chicago, to soak up their money by the hundred thousand ! A travelling mountebank, who knows no more than a wild Arab, will draw from these confiding creatures more respect than they give to the wisest of men.

As over all these minor influences, cohesion, affinity, magnetic and capillary attraction, in the material world, there extends the universal force of gravity, reaching to unlimited distances and producing the great cosmical movements, so in the mental world the universal relation of man to man, as such, is the basis of his actual progress, and the source of all profound activities. The peculiar traction of mind to mind that we have already noticed is only incidental, like the drawing of the earth to this or that planet, or the conformation of its surface to this or that shape, while it holds on its perpetual revolutions and its eternal geologic year. By this higher force of gravity each particle of sand — the smallest we can perceive — has a certain relation to every other particle in the universe, and there are between these a certain interaction and interdependence which make that one particle indispensable to the completeness and harmony of the whole. So it is, that this grain of sand, scarcely perceptible to the eye, has a power, slight indeed in degree, but of infinite extension ; a power that reaches not merely to him who holds it in his hand, not merely to the patch of ground whereon he may chance to stand, or the continent, or the earth itself, but, that sending afar the lines of its energy, makes itself felt in other worlds, and to the remotest borders of the universe.

If the inanimate clod, if the very mote that wanders with the wind, is endowed with this widely diffusive power, not less extensive is the sweep of individual mental influence. Each man, by virtue of his manhood is drawn toward all men, and all men are drawn toward him. Though divided into many nationalities, and struggling desperately for the maintainance of these distinctions, men cannot keep their thought from over-riding all limits. It is by the reciprocal action of all upon each and each upon all that the true end is attained. The nation that attempts to live within itself perishes, and so does the individual ; the nation, the individual, that receives with open arms the thought and the labor of all peoples, is on the pathway to glory. As the intermarriage of tall folk with short folk, of fat folk with lean folk, maintains in good degree the mean between obesity and macilency, and keeps half the world from becoming mere stubs, and the rest from springing up into an equally revolting tenuity, so



the attraction of mind to mind, and the interchange of thought from nation to nation, keep the soul round and fair and safe from all extremities. Think what the American mind would have been to-day but for the liberalizing influence of foreign, and particularly of German thought. Instead of exercising the freedom we now enjoy, and insisting that it shall be universal, we should ourselves have been persecuting heresy and hanging witches. And which are the minds among us that have acquired the truest and best development? They are the ones that have not only drank deeply at the various fountains of modern thought, and of what commonly passes as sacred and classic lore, but have besides unearthed the speculations of old heathen sages and seers, filling thence the measure of their own completeness.

To every individual mind the Father draws with a certain power every other mind. Delicate and determinative as this power may seem, even within close range, the sweep of its influence does, far more than that of a grain of sand, go round the whole world. And if I have said truly of the power of a lifeless clod, that it reaches across the heavens and extends to infinite distances, shall not the puissant soul stretch as far the arm of its might and make itself felt at the very outposts of creation?

A few men and women are gifted to speak so that their voices go ringing through the world and through the heavens, too, it may be, drawing to them hosts of earnest souls, and hosts of angels, too, perhaps; but others, less gifted to speak, may have thoughts as big, and is no one drawn to them? Blessed indeed is the faculty of eloquent expression, but talent without it is not burial. The soul is not an instrument of one string that it must fail because words fail. It has other secret resources of its own. It has a silent speech and invisible lines of influence. It excites in some way a sensibility in others of its own action which enables them to anticipate its halting expressions. In every circle into which one chances to be thrown, there is somewhat in the atmosphere that betrays all before a word is said. He knows at once whether in that company there are affinities for him. The soul by invisible drawings, sure as the law of chemical combination, seeks out its own. It was said of Jesus that he knew the thoughts of men, which only shows how delicately strung was his mental organization. Although we are not always able intelligently to read the thoughts of others, we can hardly ever fail to be influenced thereby. Persons living in the same circles come to have the same views upon questions they have never thought of discussing. Thought is infectious, and no locking the lips will keep it from spreading. Thus it will often happen that two persons will be trying to secrete

from each other the selfsame conviction, and when, by some slip of the tongue, they chance to reach an understanding, each is equally amazed at the other. Thus it will happen that persons casually meeting will sometimes be burdened with the same thought, and be on a strife which shall first express it. And thus it has signally happened that great utterances of truth and great productions of inventive genius have been made simultaneously in opposite quarters of the earth. The soul has its own ways of diffusing its force which we as yet know little of, save as we know results. The silent passage of consciousness announcing the approach of a friend, with no help of the senses; the mysterious influence that disposes one's thoughts to the tenor of those about him, making one's local habitation favorable or unfavorable to his mental or spiritual growth; the ready understanding to which entire strangers are sometimes able to come, with slight interchange of word, reading each other like life-long friends; the instant sense one often has, in public and in private, that his words grate harshly upon the ear of a listener and provoke a silent remonstrance;—these and many other curious things of the kind, which will occur to any one on reflection, point to a certain independent action of the mind through which revelations more or less veritable are given and received. What the mode of this action is, how to cultivate it, or by what laws it is to be determined and verified, we know little more than a child does; but this much we may reasonably infer,—it points to a property of the soul as unlimited in its sphere of activity as the attraction of gravitation in matter. It intimates that as a handful of dust here on the earth exerts an influence reaching to all other worlds, how far soever remote, so the spirit which uses that handful of dust, to animate and control it, has a not less extended field of activity. It leads one to think that perhaps his most secret thought strikes a chord that vibrates to the bounds of the universe. It suggests the possibility, nay the probability, of an interchange of intelligence from world to world. Indeed, it would be hard to account for many impressions and some well-settled convictions we have, without supposing that there is, or has been, communication with other worlds. But whether this communication has reached the point of actual intelligence or not, there can be no question that we are influenced by the spiritual world, and drawn towards those we love none the less strongly when they have passed out of our sight. And is not this power they have over us unmistakable enough to convince us that they still live?

When it was observed that the planet Uranus showed perturbations in his orbit not to be accounted for by the attraction of any known

celestial body, the astronomers were not ashamed to supplement their sight by the exercise of a sublime faith. With a calm assurance that the Great God draws none of his heavenly spheres out of their courses, except it be to approach another sphere, they settled down in the firm conviction that there must be another planet beyond, which mortal eye had not yet seen. Leverrier went so far as to fix the place of this unseen orb, to measure its distance from the sun, its size and weight, and to point out to the Academy of Science the very spot among the stars where, at a given time, it might be found. Not very long after these calculations were made they were confirmed by observation. But in the interim, in regard to this matter, astronomers walked by faith.

Now, here is this human world more strangely perturbed than ever was the orbit of Uranus. Thoughts of the future — visions of loved ones gone before — inspirations as from the breath of a passing soul — yearnings to fly to their arms and be blest as of old, are ever drawing our minds away, away into the wide unknown. We look afar into the void, but we catch no glimpse of their shining faces ; we listen and we hear no rustle of their silken folds, or music of their angel voices ; but often the thought flashes across the consciousness and gladdens the heart, that they must be somewhere about us, or above us, else we should not be so drawn to them. We walk now by faith. After a little we shall take our observation and confirm our trust.

Jesus said, "If I be raised up I will draw all men unto me." He has fulfilled his promise, and how? By his self-forgetfulness, by his readiness to bear all and endure all, by his thoughtfulness of others which made him willing even to suffer for their faults, by his exceeding great magnanimity that took such numbers into his heart that self was wholly crowded out ; in short, by the simple power of love. This is the resistless attraction that has brought the world to do him reverence. All other attractions give way to this. Nothing stands before unselfish, uncalculating love. The man you meet who seeks not his own but other's good, who, in his solicitude to be your friend, stops not to ask if you are his, who confers favors with no thought of return, who for no purpose of winning esteem runs over with kindly offices and intentions, has you, and every soul that knows him, at his feet. It is the victory of goodness which, with no thought of conquest, subdues all. Self-sacrifice, readiness to give and serve, involves no loss, but is the road to mighty gain. The strong names in the world's history, the ones whose mention fills every heart, are the names of men and women who sought not their own. And where are the strong attractive centres in the little circle of every one's

friendship? They are where among the living or the dead there has been shown a spirit most unconscious, forgetful, neglectful of self, most inclined to give itself like a Christ for others; a spirit from which a great overmastering love has swept clean every narrowed thought and wish.

Idle is it to attempt to draw men's hearts to yours by tricks and artifices. Talents, however brilliantly displayed, the possession of learning, wealth, or power, will bring you the love of none while they are used for selfish ends. And used purposely to secure that love, they are always selfish. Cold respect, nominal honors, indeed, they may give, but to win a single human heart you must come out from yourself, and seek disinterestedly another's weal. Give up all thought of binding men to your will, or of winning their esteem or affection, and set yourself steadily to doing them good, giving them the benefit of your thought, your experience, your advice, your love, yielding your own to favor their interests, and the Father will draw them unto you with the same kind of force that draws them to Jesus.

NEWTON M. MANN.

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### CONSERVATISM.

A VERY prevalent opinion of our day is, that it is wrong to follow right, unless with extreme moderation, and at almost geological intervals; and this conception of man's duty has received the name of conservatism, which has become so imbued with an odor of worldly respectability that it is able to shelter almost any amount of "gentle dullness," whether of the head or of the heart that runs to it for protection. Its manifestations are as various as the occasions that give rise to them; in the last analysis, however, its root would seem to be a worldly selfishness aping a virtue for wariness and prudence. It is frequently seen in a preternatural tenderness for the prejudices and bigotries of mankind, in a painful timidity of any large increment of truth at any given time, with invariably the foregone conclusion that whatever is old and venerable is of course necessarily indispensable, from ritualistic observances to dogmas in religion. These utterances of Carlyle in his *Frederick*, are very suggestive of our meaning—"There is a species of Conservatism that gets praised in our day's time, that is only a slothful cowardice, base indifference to truth, and a hatred to trouble in comparison to lies that sit quiet, and men little know how bad and fatal it at all times is."

The men of this class would fain believe they have the stability of the universe on their shoulders, because they represent in a large measure the prosperous and successful element in society. The grand idea that this world is not created to produce incalculable quantities of law, physic, and manufactured goods, but to make men, is incomprehensible to an inconceivable degree to them, for their inspirations come only from the material side of life — and yet by the very law of their natures this order of mind misses its aims more constantly and tragically than any other; witness the fate of that large, and once influential portion of our people who styled themselves Conservative Republicans; their narrow conceptions of the magnitude of our rebellion, inseparable from their controlling habits of thought, ruined them; they drew their inspirations from the rights of property, overlooking, to them the invisible, but only real and moving factor of the fight, the rights of man — they imagined they could put a stop to this great conflict of ideas that stood marshalled for a charge on the very life of a nation, by a little weak reform, and that more in name than in reality. What is the result? Their pathway is strewn with skulls; were we not writing a trifle stiltedly, we should say numb-skulls at that — scarcely a man of them is left, from that large and powerful party that once was so potent! Even Beecher, who is strong only as he keeps abreast of his Brooklyn congregation, was sent into the air in a moment of time to fall into the sheerest nothingness, had not his ludicrous agility in scrambling back saved him; yet, as it is, he is greatly shorn of his easily acquired prestige: no longer does the great heart of the masses warm to him as before his *fiasco*, to call it by so gentle a name. No greater proof than this is needed to show how this state of mind affects with blindness all who accept its revelation for truth, and prevents them from reading correctly the common mind, or duly appreciating that uncontrollable power, the invisible will of a people; for it sends them unavoidably to take counsel of the lower faculties in man's nature, kindred to the once famed Hitchcock quadrant, that professed to give a ship's longitude from an observation of its binnacle.

We do not mean to be understood as underrating the value in life's economy of a true and honest caution, or of a heaven-born prudence. We protest only, in the name of humanity, against the deification of to-day's sham Conservatism; against this creation of Saints and Solomons out of reticence and reserve; against this suicidal determination of ignorance to create a belief without comprehension. The iteration of this word has led to the conviction that there lies back of all this assumption of wisdom, an untold profundity and

appreciation of life's riddles that ought to be bowed down to. But it is wide of being a correct one. The spirit of conservatism is but a pre-eminent admission of a want of courage and hope, and in lieu of presupposing reservoirs of reserved power and knowledge, the actual opposite is the fact, judging always by the results of its representatives ; and so far from being a close corporation of wonderful endowment and immense acquisition, it is painfully apparent that first class Conservatism opens a career to almost any one who gets into the census.

The heroic part of our nature does not lie in this plane, but is affirmative, and represents and stands for ideas. "The true hero," says a world's thinker, "is he who sees the truth, embraces its alternatives, and ten or twenty years later brings the whole world round to his views." The world's hero, however, is he who represents the present moment, "with its splendid ease and soft-bedded comfort." Men of this class abound the world over ; they stand for caution and prudence, and are summoned always as synonyms for whoever or whatever is presumed in all panegyrics to be above weakness or defeat ; they are never radical, not they, in any conceivable thing ; they believe in the inviolability of the Constitution of our Fathers, and in all other venerable inviolabilities, sacred and profane, that follow in the wake of such deglutitions of crudities, — they are so wary and cautious in opinions, if such utterances are worthy to be counted into the category, that they have a formula of escape, let things turn as they will, like the Vicar of Wakefield's "would to God it may be as well this day twelvemonth." The aphorism of La Bruyere seems made for precisely this kind of character, viz : that "there is in some men a mediocrity of spirit that tends to make them sage ;" and we never meet with a fine example of this class but in our imagination we picture a mural tablet in some quiet churchyard, bearing the name of the departed luminary, with the inscription,

"He possessed prudence and the inferior virtues,"

for this seems to be about the net result of the career of such men who have lived the lives of bell-wethers of wariness and prudence, probably adding each year to their worldly possessions, while they were becoming poorer and poorer in all the virtues and graces that go to the formation of a heroic and true life.

Doctor Arnold, the embodiment of wise prudence and sagacious caution, wearied with the inane course of his countrymen, writes, "There is nothing so revolutionary and convulsive as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is, by the very law of its creation in



eternal progress." To-day the most patent instance of the truth of the assertion is the situation of England; a little discontent at some old abuses of representation and of suffrage was apparent during the last ministry, and a moderate concession was proposed that partook as much of magnanimity and generosity as it did of necessity; the whole world outside of conservatism saw the exigency and admired the wisdom that conceived the remedy. At this juncture come in our anti-reform friends, and bring the country to the brink of a social revolution; and it is so redeemed from its former stoical indifference of the masses, that the tailors of that kingdom are lauded for refusing to join the great Reform demonstration! Poor tailors! Poor England! Again, Bishop Colenso, in a calm and judicious spirit, exposed certain incongruities and unnecessarily marvellous stories of the Jewish Testament, that have no more to do with religion than the vaticinations of a last year's almanac; for this the Bishops, Councils and Courts of that superstition-loving hierarchy have hunted and haunted their brothers with a malignity worthy of any age that stands prominent for a culmination in bigotry and superstition. It does not seem possible of man even, that writers of homilies on charity, and daily readers of Jesus' treatment of error can so stultify themselves! Do they imagine the spread of intelligence is to be arrested? This people have read and pondered all these things, and the ventilation of the Ark, and the roamings of the Israelites have had such a sifting, that even in that priest-ridden and conservative country, it will be necessary to go to lower depths of privation, and of consequent ignorance, to secure sincere receivers of a salvation without comprehension, and which is in the ratio only to their credulity.

It has been so often asserted as to become aphoristic, that however liberal a man may have been in his youth, he invariably becomes less so, if not ardently conservative, as he advances in life. And yet we doubt the correctness of the assertion — the error lies in assuming the liberality of the parties; and about the only proof we have is the example of a parcel of democratic judges and lawyers, who had their bread to win, and who started as agitators, winding up with some lucrative office, and a marked disquietude of the encroachments of the people on the rights of government, no matter how ordained. To be sure, liberal opinions, to be permanent, must have their motive power above mere worldly aggrandizements; yet even in the light of expediency, we believe they are a very safe and sure road to material prosperity. The devotees to principles have, all things considered, nothing to complain of. We could name William Lloyd Garrison,

and Richard Cobden, and hundreds of others less known in the "rank of men," who have not been deserted. They have had their daily reward in the triumph of principles, and the satisfaction of their own hearts, and now, when the harness is to be put off, they have the reward of their fellow men, substantial in a worldly view, and beyond all question sincerely appreciative, coming as it does after a bitter opposition of more than twenty years! Elihu the Beosite had more faith in human nature in his somewhat deprecatory speech to Job than to believe that man loses faith and hope in the good and the true as he advances in years. "Days should speak, and the multitude of years should teach wisdom." But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth *them* understanding," which, by our exegesis, would say, the inspiration of the Almighty giveth the years understanding in the measure that man is imbued with true knowledge, with the love of truth and of right. It is too atheistic to suppose for one moment that a holy love of truth, and a pure devotion to right can be chilled by the tendencies of increasing age.

The patent fact is the opposite one; it is they who have been longest in the service of the truth that least tolerate error, lest the world's prejudices be disturbed; with them is no clinging to old theories for want of moral stamina, but they ever strive to bring men to the platform of reason and common sense, God's own revelators, knowing that in this direction alone lies man's true salvation. It is not age, then, that weakens in man his love of the true, his devotion to the right, or chills his enthusiasm in their cause, for this love and devotion are always young and strong; but it is error, anomaly, and monstrosity taught for truth, made the shibboleth of it, that carry the seeds of death with them — that are indeed those seeds.

D. W. VAUGHAN.

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AWAY with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience. In old Egypt, it was established law, that the vote of a prophet be reckoned equal to a hundred hands. I think it was much underestimated. "Clay and clay differ in dignity," as we discover by our preferences every day. What a vicious practice is this of our politicians at Washington pairing of! as if one man who votes wrong, going away, could excuse you, who mean to vote right, for going away; or, as if your presence did not tell in more ways than in your vote.

— Emerson.

## THE OLD SONG AND THE NEW.

### THE OLD.

CLOSE are the shadows and dim is the day;  
God is away from the world!  
Twilight encloseth the finite for aye;  
God is away from the world!  
Outward Humanity leaneth in vain,  
Straining her vision a witness to gain  
Of the background of being — the infinite plain; —  
God is away from the world!

He hath no part in the voices of earth;  
God is away from the world!  
Man hath appraised them, and noted their worth;  
God is away from the world!  
Gather the sounds of the sea and the air,  
Harmonies subtle, and symphonies rare, —  
Still not a whisper from Deity there;  
God is away from the world!

Vainly we seek with the eye and the ear;  
God is away from the world!  
His vesture and footprints no longer appear;  
God is away from the world!  
He cometh no more with a daily accost  
To the finite; the garden is cold with the frost,  
And the echoes of Eden forever are lost:  
God is away from the world!

Heaven hath no actual commerce with man;  
God is away from the world!  
He hath perfected His purpose and plan;  
God is away from the world!  
Creation is finished; He sitteth apart,  
In a glory too dread for the scene of His art;  
Too piercingly pure for Humanity's heart;  
God is away from the world!

Truth is not ours in its absolute ray: —  
God is away from the world!  
Only poor gleams of the actual day;  
God is away from the world!

We reach not the substance ; we touch but the screen ;  
 Our hope is the victim that's lifted between  
 The real and seeming ; the Christ - Nazarene ;  
 God is away from the world !

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## THE NEW.

Heirs of the Morning, we walk in the light ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 A day that hath never a noon or a night ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 A day without limit, whose glories unfold  
 The statutes that time and eternity hold ;  
 An endless becoming its measure and mould :  
 God is forever with man !

He sitteth a guest in Humanity's soul ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 Life leadeth on to an infinite goal ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 Inward, not outward, is Deity's shrine,  
 The Presence Eternal — the Spirit Divine,  
 And being becomes immortality's sign ;  
 God is forever with man !

Truth is not veiled to mortality's eye ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 We have a witness on which to rely ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 The word is eternal, and cometh to all ;  
 And the inward rebuke, and the heart's ceaseless call,  
 Are tones from the lips of the Father that fall ;  
 God is forever with man !

Of all that is real the human hath part ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 Our roots are the veins of the Infinite Heart ;  
 God is forever with man !  
 The Christ liveth ever in creature disguise ;  
 The Logos by which every soul shall arise  
 To the gospel and glory of self-sacrifice ;  
 God is forever with man !

## Ecclesiastical Continuity.

481

Sing, little bluebird, the message ye bring,

God is forever with man !

Cleave the soft air with a rapturous wing ;

God is forever with man !

Warble the story to forest and rill,

Sweep up the valley and bear to the hill

The sacred refrain of your passionate trill ;

God is forever with man !

Open, bright roses, and blossom the thought ;

God is forever with man !

Precious the meaning your beauty hath wrought ;

God is forever with man !

Spread out the sweet revelation of bloom,

Lift and release from an odorous tomb,

The secret embalmed in a honied perfume ;

God is forever with man !

Dance, happy billow, and say to the shore,

God is forever with man !

Echo, sea-caverns, the truth evermore,

God is forever with man !

Bear on, Creation, the symbol and sign,

That being unfolds in an aura divine,

And soul moveth on in an infinite line ;

God is forever with man !

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL CONTINUITY.

THE January number of the *Christian Examiner* has a paper by the Rev. Dr. Hedge on "The Destinies of Ecclesiastical Religion." In it the subject of "Ecclesiastical Continuity," as it is called, is taken up and considerably dwelt upon. The Professor seems clearly enough to recognize that the Church in substance is no ecclesiasticism, that it is the communion of believers and workers for humanity, the embodied soul of Truth and Progress among men. Or, as he puts it, it is "the recognition and visible representation of a fact. That fact is the progressive education of human society, considered as one organic and continuous whole." That definition is very just, provided it be received without any technical or ecclesiastical qualification upon the words.

It will hardly answer in presence of that definition to identify the Church with any particular form of faith and observance, or any given institution. It is not Romanism or Protestantism, Unitarianism or Liberalism, or Christianity itself as an embodiment or outer establishment. These all may perish and the Church survive unharmed, or they may be very essentially modified, and transformed, and it suffer no detriment, but rather be advantaged by the change.

It is an essential life, higher and more than they all, the just and fitting form evermore of the soul's free ascending growth and vigor, as spontaneous as Nature, as large and as expanding as Truth and Destiny. It is often and probably quite generally outside the large and imposing organizations that usurp the ecclesiastical name; the unrecognized and unbaptized church, ignored not only, but cast out from the existing communions. It is the Essenes in the wilderness, living amid solitudes, in secret gathering growth and strength, and all divinest virtues, a power little felt or thought of, and yet lifting and regenerating the world continually. It is the collective brotherhood of thought, liberality, excellence. Under this view it is manifestly true that man, that society is under tutelage, that the Church is perpetual. Its life and effective force must be co-extensive with the continuance of the race on our planet.

But it is so easy to confound and identify this broad life and communion with an establishment, some set dispensation, that men here are constantly falling into the oddest mistakes. Just such Professor Hedge seems to be guilty of in the illustration he adduces of the power and persistence of ecclesiastical continuity. France undertook once to make way with Christianity, and formally to install theism in its stead, but "the repulsed and insulted faiths came trooping in the wake of the allied armies," and "in France of the restoration, ecclesiastical continuity resumed its sway." The "continuity" here must be the establishment, the faiths and worships, the ecclesiasticism of the Europe of the eighteenth-century. The theism of the French Revolution, a shallow cant and negation as it was, can, in its swift defeat and departure, show nothing of the destiny of a sober, genuine theism, while the rehabilitation of the old institutions can indicate nothing but the tenacious life and slow death of established forms, proving, if aught, a fact quite too much, one would think, for the purpose of an Unitarian divine. The doctrine of continuity and tutelage so illustrated is equally good for the latitude of Rome as of Cambridge. In fact, we cannot frame a plea for tutelage or continuity which ignores liberty, the prerogatives of the soul, which falls short of its full requirement; indeed, that does not furnish ready argu-



ment for formalists and grossest idolators to use against all dissentients, and, on the other hand, can urge nothing for reform and the rights of conscience without conducting to liberty full and perfect. And this is the logical, inevitable consequent of Protestantism. One or the other alternative every man must take; there is no escape. We must have a tutelage such as obtains in mathematics, one that respects the soul, or we shall have no standing place secure from Rome.

Under the biases of education and habit, men fall into the way of identifying their church and communion with the new Jerusalem of God, and fancy if the institution falls, society is disorganized and man bereft of guidance. They shall see it a very grave mistake. Schools of science, depositary in some measure of truth and discovery have taken on baptism into a name, planting upon some founder, fancying themselves the ward of all the abiding and sole church in physics, but the elaborate systems Ptolemaic, Eudoxian, Aristotelian, have been outgrown and left behind, and the hosts of inquirers marching on, reaching forward ever to the beyond, have taken on such forms of activity and life, and accepted such beliefs and methods as have seemed fitting to the new hour. And here nothing, that is in prescription, is fixed; all is fluid, and may be changed to-morrow. So are they also that are born of the spirit. The soul taketh on such body as pleaseth it.

Would'st thou seek in a dogma to prison its form?

It is free, and flies forth on the wings of the storm.

How long the present types and mould will continue to obtain, it is impossible to say. Men change slowly, and the present denominations, the dispensation generally which we call, regarded as a form of ecclesiastical life, Christianity, may continue dominant many generations. But the disintegrations are commenced and shall bear them all to the sea. Whether with one age or a thousand, the enfranchisement is sure, the dominance of the spiritual over the outer and the formal.

It is a mistake also to suppose, as our author does, that there is something incongruous between *philosophy* and *religion*. There is a difference he intimates, radical and inextinguishable, "between a church and a school of religious philosophy." "Such associations (as the latter,) exist under all dispensations, but they have never succeeded in planting a church or supplanting one." It may be sufficient to say, that for this matter, there has hardly yet in history been to any considerable extent that poise and blending of thought

with reverence and a true religion, that there must be, to make such a realization possible. The sages, the philosophers have been too speculative, too purely and coldly intellectual, while the saints have been out of proportion emotional, too little familiar with the meditations and communions of thought. One of the most effective schools, however, ever founded among men was of just this high cast, — the institution of Pythagoras. A school of religious philosophy, it was also pre-eminently a church, and had as a church long and powerful vitality. It essayed, albeit with only a partial success, organization and living on the true basis, on the plan which remains yet the unrealized ideal.

The truths that shall command the assent and warm the heart of the future ages must be *scientific*. Scientific not in the sense of belonging to outer empiric knowledge, but in the sense of answering to the authoritative ideas of the soul. The worship must be discriminating and intelligent. We have had enough and all too much of hearsays and blind credence. It is time that men should consider and reflect some. We must have light, science, thought, and there is no danger that people will fail to be earnest and devout. We shall not swallow the infinite. The mystery of existence, the unsolved problem of time, eternity, immensity, destiny, will confront us still, and the soul will bow in awe before the supreme. But there will be light and freedom; it will not be possessed with spectres, nor overborne with superstition. The eternal ideas, the radiant symbols of the everlasting will shine and illumine, revealing while they veil. Men will walk in the light of great Truth, Duty, Liberty, and to a sure Destiny. They will rise to a pure worship. There is no power that will stir the reverence and love in the human bosom like the ideal truths. Would you have men religious, conduct them to this fountain.

This will likely be the grand characteristic of the Church of the Future, distinguishing it from all that has gone before, that it will unite in living harmony, in perfect accord, and blending the most absolute freedom, the highest discernments in thought, with the deepest experiences of reverence and religion, being withal in the most emphatic sense *practical*, a life, a sublime anthem to Heaven.

Philosophy not friendly to religion? Why the very aim and culmination of philosophy is, by the testimony of the regal thinkers of the world, to exalt the soul to a home in the infinite presence, to entire possession and perfect repose. It is to ravish it with the supreme beauties, so that it may forget all other loves and follow only them. Pythagoras held it "the purification and perfection of human life,

*reducing it to the Divine Resemblance.*" "With me," says Fichte, "the emotions of the heart proceed only from perfect intellectual clearness; and it cannot but be that the clearness I have now attained," (referring to those "deeper glances into Religion," of which the Destination of Man was the fruit and expression,) "shall also take effect upon my heart." Hence went the soul forth in those rapturous yet subdued utterances of trust, devotion, piety, which have few parallels in any book, old or new.

"Sublime and Living Will! named by no name, compassed by no thought, I may well raise my soul to thee, for thou and I are *not* divided. Thy voice sounds in me, mine resounds in thee, and all my thoughts, if they be but true and good, are thought in thee. In thee the incomprehensible, I myself and the world become clearly comprehensible to me; all the enigmas of my existence are solved, and perfect harmony arises in my soul.

"I hide my face before thee, and lay my hand upon my mouth. *How* thou art and seemest to thine own being, I can never know, any more than I can become thyself. After thousands upon thousands of spirit lives, I shall comprehend thee as little as I do now in this earthly house. In my conception of *person* there are limitations. How can I transfer that to thee without these?

"But thy relations to me mortal and to all mortals lie open before my eyes; let me but be what I ought to be, and they will surround me *more clearly than the consciousness of my own existence.*

"Ascending to this view, I become a new creature, and my whole relations to the existing world are changed. The two by which my mind was formerly united to the world, and by whose secret guidance I followed all its movements, are forever sundered, and I stand free, calm, and immovable, a universe to myself. . . . My mind is forever closed against embarrassment and perplexity, against uncertainty, doubt and anxiety; my heart against grief, repentance, and desire. Calm and unmoved I look down on all things, for I know that I cannot explain a single event, nor comprehend its connection with that which alone concerns me. In His world all things prosper; this satisfies me, and in this belief I stand fast as a rock. . . . My breast is steeled against annoyance on account of personal offences, and vexations, or exultation in personal merit; for my whole personality has disappeared in the contemplation of the purpose of my being.

"Now that I have no longer any sense for the transitory and perishable, the universe appears before my eyes under transformed aspect. The dead, heavy mass which did but stop up space has vanished, and

in its place there flows onward with the rushing music of mighty waves, an eternal stream of life, and power, and action, which issues from the original source of all life, from thy life, O Infinite One ! for all life is thy life, and only the religious eye penetrates to the realm of true Beauty. . . . .

"So I live and am ; so am unchangeably, abiding and complete for eternity. For this existence is not any thing assumed from without ; it is my own true, proper substance and being."

These effects shall increase and enlarge, until the prophetic dream be realized. The bans shall be celebrated, and reason and faith stand joined in indissoluble wedlock. Faith shall not famish for the ideal truths, nor speculation go cold, and for lack of the quickening affections. Perhaps to be brought about through some signal advent, visit to men of a Messianic thinker in whom these two elements shall dwell in full perfection, in finest poise, uniting with all the wealth of philosophic thought, the deepest fervor of the saint, pouring new beauty over life, retouching all the forms and redeeming the vital and the good from each, bringing new era of enfranchisement for the race. Such a mediator is much needed in our world at present. Or perhaps by the united effort of all, struggling up to liberty and possession.

Knowledge shall be faith and thought reverence, the ripest conclusions of philosophy, the intuitions of reason, one with the divine word, the inspiration also of worship and of life. With the deepest enthusiasms shall blend the clearest insights, the calmest, most intelligent recognitions. The purest conceptions shall be the highest objects of reverence.

This is appointed us by destiny in the near advancing future, sure as the elective counsels of God. Institutions, churches, established order, shall crumble and fall to make way for this coming. Theorists will speculate and dream of the perplexity of establishment, and the impossibility of such a church. But all the vaticinations shall fail. The chariot of the divine conquest will not stay.

"His purposes shall ripen fast,  
With every opening hour."

He maketh the winds his messengers, and his ministers flames of fire. All Nature works and travails to hasten forward the bright consummation.

C. D. B. MILLS.

## THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH

IN every age of human progress and development there is, as it were, a forethought, and a promise of something better to come. The best and loftiest instincts of the race are never satisfied with the consummation of interests merely temporal and superficial. They must have "new heavens" and a "new earth" built up, somehow, by the relation of things spiritual, fundamental, and progressive. Even the thoughtless and conservative have the *dream* at least of a "millenium," figuring it out of some problematical book of Daniel and its contradictory equations, or reading it in the oriental tableaux and dissolving views of the Apocalypse. Then there is that widespread conviction and confession of the general heart that the whole world needs a spiritual reformation, a moral upturning and revolution, a regeneration of ethics as by fire and sword not inaptly symbolized, as it is, in the graphic legends and language of apostles who speak, so metaphorically, of the material elements of our globe "*melting* as with fervent heat"; the earth and the heavens being dissolved in sulphureous holocausts; every mountain ablaze with volcanoes;—the stars falling from their spheres in wildest confusion; and the wide universe itself rolling together like a blazing, crisping and withered Scroll! See, too, in what extravagant forms are represented the incarnate hopes and heroes by whose agency the social reconstruction or revolution was to be achieved. The Jews had their ideal of a Messiah, sword in hand, with a helmet on; having his advent with triumphant glories and a resistless military force, amid shouting legions, with flourish of trumpets, trampling under foot the tyrannies of the Roman power, and battering down the towers of imperial pride, while the banners of victory floated far and wide; and when the real Deliverer of the time *did* come, in all the pacific simplicity of his purpose, with only twelve fishermen as his retinue, a Nazarene plebeian, born in a manger, the "son of a carpenter," and no less in a right sense "Son of God," they knew him not, but only called him a blaspheming pretender, a dangerous traitor and heretic;—still clinging to their passionate and false ideas of a national and political despot, while he was reasoning, how dispassionately, of a kingdom not of this world! Face to face they had daily converse with him respecting their hopes of such a Redeemer coming to conquer for them the worldly distinctions after which they panted, and even the woman of Samaria at the well (poor simple soul) as she talked with him, seemed to be all in the dark as she said, half stupidly, in answer to his exalted revelations,

"Oh, we know, that when the 'Messias' cometh which is called 'Christ,' then it will be so and so." Thus it seems the world never knows or appreciates its real deliverers during their actual presence, life-service and sacrifices. They are, ever, in the undercurrent of those influences which most absolutely affect or sway society, comparatively obscure, and of little social weight or prominence as the world goes, outside and away from the predominant conventionalities, — humble men, mechanics, fishermen, the denizens of some poor country village of Nazareth, and looked upon only as incendiaries, heretics, and disturbers of the peace. "He hath a devil and is mad" is ever the edict against those in advance of their time. Some poor printer's boy in an attic inaugurates the grand enterprize of freedom for the enslaved African in this land ; becomes the leader of an anti-slavery sentiment, now so all-controlling, labors on for nearly half a century to that end through every species of obloquy, opposition, persecution, imprisonment, with no armament, or instrumentality but the "shield of faith" the "sword of the spirit" and the blessing of God, and no GARRISON but his own good name, till at last (thanks be to God) he sees in his latter days that Zion of his hopes arise and shine, "her light being come." Or some honest handicraftsman of the West, the anointed patriarch ABRAHAM for that suffering race, called by that same benign providence for their redemption, leaves his unfinished rails in Illinois, and out of his official seat as our President, sets the seal, by his edicts, to what the other had counceled and the time's necessity demanded.

He may be called, he was called, awkward, ungainly, boorish, and charged as are all champions for the right, with being ignorant, meddling, radical and insane, and yet these are the men whose influence, though so oft unappreciated, goes finally for the moulding of public sentiment, the remodelling of institutions and republics, and the regeneration of society, through the more visible influences of the powers that be, whether political or ecclesiastical, the influences of the world which carry it so, for a time, gaily, with craft and with shoutings, may seem to float full crowned on the topmost wave of social success. The greatest moral influences which the world has ever known are generally occult, retired, and not specially demonstrative. Like some mysterious champion of a tournament whom nobody seems to know, riding into the ring of the arena with a vizor down, conquering one after another of his antagonists ; overthrowing with his powerful lance the presumptions of this foe, and unhorsing the arrogant onset of that ; so this incognito spirit of universal truth, justice and liberty, plumed only by the glorious consciousness of a



## The New Heavens and New Earth. 489

noble cause, clad only in the solemn armor of the living God, circles in among the world's antagonisms, receiving the shock and the crash of their combined forces, but still going round "conquering and to conquer," while it disarms one after another of those party organizations, paralyzing their pretensions, driving that invincible shaft of truth clear through the brittle shield of their selfishness and sophistries, unmasking the deceit of the so-called religious associations and assumptions, standing, at last, iconoclastic and alone within the centre of its field of conquest, and proving that "he who doeth the will of God, and he *only*, abideth forever." How mistaken and contracted in general, seems to be the criterion of principles and policy by which it is thought any great enterprises for social and moral reformation may be conducted. Half the organizations of the world for these objects are incrustated and cramped by timid, selfish, and one-sided or "south-sided" reservations and conditions. Thus, in any given time, the several parties in politics are each apt to think that the welfare of the State is wholly dependent on the consummation of its principles or platform, that there is no hope of the republic, or for the Union, but in the triumph of its policy, and that if, by any chance, the sceptre passes out of its hands, it will be justified, not only in protest but in active resistance to the constituted authority! Out of that conceit grew the recent rebellion, with the infernal despotic purpose which pervaded it. So, in the Church, each sect in its self-conceit, imagines that the whole scheme of human salvation is contained in their catechism, in their confession of faith, in their little creed; that there is no hope for humanity, morally or spiritually, outside of the articles and formulas of their church.

Each of these organizations, temporal and spiritual, are busy with their acclamations and hallelujahs as to the "millenium," and by conventions and associative action are never weary with proclaiming its conditions. One, as well and as wide-mouthed as the other, can sing and shout lustily of the "good time coming," which they insist can be culminated or achieved only through their methods, and on their express terms of communion. Meanwhile, outside or, if you will, inside of all these organizations there is a public and private moral sense, a keen, growing conviction as to certain general principles, an instinctive consciousness of fundamental truths and of the absolutely right, which cannot safely be compromised;—a radical theory, not always compacted in any visible association, but none the less actual and positive because diffused in the general thought, and in my opinion the "new heavens" and the "new earth" will never come till these general principles of fundamental rectitude, and justice, and

liberal thought are more distinctly recognized by all parties, both in Church and State.

People sometimes wonder what has become of this or that organization in politics that was once strong and compact as "an army with banners," and why it is that such another association or denomination in the Church is declining and has lost power and place while its indications of thrift, whether by ministers, representatives, or senators are banished into obscurity by popular sentiment. It is because they have been disloyal to those cardinal principles of liberty and right on which all great issues in Church or State are finally dependent. It is because that same rigid, uncompromising popular sentiment has come to them, confronted them with its "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," — ("Go your way! You are weighed in the balances! You are found wanting!") And so, in the long run, the confidence of the reformer must be, under God, in a certain enlightened moral sentiment in the community, a certain stringency of reserved moral power. And were it not for this; were it not for that reserved moral force and power of conscience holding itself ready, on the instant of a signal or a crisis, to rush to the rescue of an oppressed principle, whether in Italy or the United States, I confess I should almost despair of that coming of the kingdom. After all, it was not so much a banded military force, which went forward, by roll of drum, to the working out of our national salvation, or, not that altogether, important as it was; not so much the swords of Grant or of Sherman, efficient as they were, as the sharper convictions which for thirty years past has been gathering energy through the aims and arguments of the radical lovers of freedom, a compacted consciousness, or conscientiousness which they had infused into the popular sympathy, and which needed only a sufficient friction or motive to set it in a blaze, and give it outward expression. That impulse or motive was furnished by the insolent audacity which initiated the late rebellion. That outbreak of a treacherous Southern oligarchy not only roused all the loyalty of the North, and waked up its purpose to stand by the Union, but opened its eyes, in other respects, to that of which the abolitionists had so long forewarned them, the despotic and fixed purpose of usurpation on the part of the South, and the suicidal tendencies of all injustice. Then, the North was fully roused to a sense of its obligations and dangers; then our farmers began to buckle on their knapsacks, leaving their ploughs in the furrow! Then the mechanic dropped his tools and took up the musket! Then the fisherman left his net and fishing-boat and took to the navy, the frigate, and the gunboat! Then our boys left their colleges and took

to shoulder straps for their diplomas ! Then their mothers and sisters, half in tears, with beating hearts, helped equip them and sent them forth with an invocation for God's blessing ! Then loyalty, and patriotism, and the Union, and Liberty, and human rights, and the "dear old Flag," became as household words every day, current as the air we breathe all over the North, mingling in all our prayers, keeping time to every heart's beat, the very motives to our daily deeds, and the ministering angels of our soldiers' death-beds. So much for the popular sentiment within the sphere of things political. Then, too, look at the Church and the Ministry, and the changes which have been going on there, and are still in course. The time was, and not long ago either, when for a minister to express or proclaim in the pulpit a radical sentiment, whether in religion or politics, or to exchange with Theodore Parker, as the writer of this knows but too well by personal experience, was almost as much as his life was worth ; certainly it was as much as his place or salary was worth, and those are synonyms, we suppose, for his living ; — when anti-slavery preaching was the exception, and when he who indulged it was denounced and excommunicated, even here at the North, as secular, political, fanatical, and meddling with forbidden topics. But the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon, of Jeff Davis, and General Grant, through the impulse of a belligerent popular sentiment, have changed all that. Many a parish that once closed its doors with a "slam bang" against every breath of theological or reform sentiment has now taken its doors almost off the hinges, to let in that "King of Glory" the genius of "universal emancipation !" Many a parishoner who used to stamp and swear, and grit his teeth, and walk angrily out of church if his minister so much as prayed in gospel words for "the breaking of every yoke," and "letting the oppressed go free," now changes his tone, and is angry if his minister does *not* pray, at least in general terms, for the consummation of those great principles by which our suffering country is to be reconstructed and saved, and many a preacher once reticent or indifferent, or held in check by a timid parochial policy on these grand themes of human rights, has now grown mighty and bold under the urgent aspect of the times, and is raising the trumpet with quite a flourish to his once recreant lips. So far well, and all hail ! say we to the returning prodigals who once denounced us. But, ah ! How sad to think of the time, the vantage ground, and the power lost to us as a people by these past compromises with wrong, these past delinquencies of the church, the ministry and the people, and how, in like proportion as we at the North have held back from the advocacy

and avowal of right, or a protest against wrong, the Southern conspiracy and pro-slavery plottings were pressing forward to more iniquitous wrong, with every sort of scheme for our overthrow and subjugation. I believe, as I believe I live, that had the religious and moral sentiment of the North been properly disciplined or expressed, for the last twenty years or more, and brought fully up to the demands of the time; had the ministry instead of temporizing, and babbling about creeds, and preaching "south-side views" in vindication or excuse of manifest wrongs spoken out with boldness *against* them, and so rightly integrated popular sentiment, we might never have had either the late Southern rebellion, or the present ferment in our ecclesiastical and social relations. Meanwhile, what have we as the net result of all this time-serving and delinquency on the part of the Church and clergy? A ministry at a discount, churchgoers in a minority, comeouters every day multiplying, the people wide awake to the realizing sense of their rights and needs, and radicalism, thank God, more and more in the ascendant, both in our ecclesiastical relations and State policies. Evident enough it is, now, that every organization or individual, which chooses to serve "the world, the flesh, and the devil," rather than infinite truth, the claims of the Spirit, and God Almighty, will, sooner or later, have an account to settle with this sublime autocrat, and this we hold to be a self-evident truth, confirmed by all our past experience, that every party, whether autocratic or democratic, which ignores the great demand of universal justice or is disloyal to the great radical question of human rights and human liberties, North or South, "goes by the board," sooner or later, and is numerically disfranchised. And so, through all these elements of popular sentiment as they work in the relations and revolutions of the Church, all through the flashing fires of our national struggles, I see the apocalypse of "the new heavens," the vision of a long-suffering nation at last redeemed! Despite all the discouragements, clouds, counteractions, and drawbacks of the present executive policy at Washington, so great has been, and is my faith in the ultimate triumph and culmination of radical principles, that I will indulge the vision which so haunts me. I see a victorious army uprisen from the slavery which has so long bound them, — (with faces black as the dark night of sorrow through which they have passed,) transfigured and triumphant everywhere, for the saving of the nation: I see, as a consequence of all this, three millions of serfs forever disenthralled, and singing the songs of their redemption, to be echoed soon by the world in chorus. I see through parting clouds, the group of those dear youth of ours,

out of our homes, on the battle-field, our sons and brothers, gone before, not lost, and standing, transfigured, as in Raphael's picture of the "Transfiguration," the angels standing about the loving Christ. I see through their labors, sacrifices, and struggles "in prospectu," one homogeneous people, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from East to Western Oceans' shore. I see labor and individual rights everywhere rising to be respected, irrespective of complexion, caste, or condition. I see one flag, only one, sacred and consecrate, as the cross itself, for the exalted self-sacrifice and principle which it represents. I see peaceful and happy homes all over the Continent, a compacted unity of purpose to cherish henceforth, and hold fast what has been gained through so much tribulation. I see a Church and a ministry all the more likely to be reconstructed as a positive and regenerative social force, an effective moral power in the land, so far as they become disentangled from cumbrous rituals and effete traditions, and so far as they break away from obsolete forms and false doctrines which have so long hindered their religious influence on the community. Such a consummation cannot be realized till it be fully understood and conceded that true religion consists not in the mumbling of a creed, nor in the cry of "Lord," "Lord," nor in the rigidity of organizations, but in a hearty, practical obedience to the will of God, and a simpler understanding of the mission, relations, and teaching of every Christ that *has* come or *will* come! Surely, such visions and prospects do not fall far short of the "new heavens and the new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness." And who does not deem it a privilege to have lived in such a crisis, co-operating to such ends? As Whittier says — and with his words I close —

"Who murmurs that in these dark days

His lot is cast!

God's hand within the shadow lays.

The stones whereon his gates of praise

Shall rise at last.

Turn, and o'erturn, O outstretched Hand!

Nor stint nor stay:

The years have never dropped their sand

On mortal issue vast and grand

As ours to-day!

Already on the sable ground

Of man's despair,

Is freedom's glorious picture found

With all its dusky hands, unbound,

Upraised in prayer.

Oh, small shall seem all sacrifice,  
 And pain and loss,  
 When God shall wipe the weeping eyes;  
 For suffering give the victor's prize,  
 The crown for cross!

JOHN T. SARGENT.

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#### THE NEW DEMAND FOR RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

ALL the recognized communions of Christendom are sectarian. The accredited Christianity of the world is sectarian. A few patches of the broad field of humanity contain, according to the arrogant conceit of the "meek and lowly" Christians, all that the Eternal Providence has yet cultivated to any purpose. I do not speak bitterly. I do not sneer at these "Christians." Satire itself can afford to let simple Fact speak. Even Hatred might stand aside and suffer plain History to take vengeance on these Pharisees in the Temple. There they stand, and all the world hears them say, We thank God that we are not as other men are, sinners, unbelievers, infidels, or even as these heretics; we believe in "OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST," and contribute to "THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL." And over against these of "good and regular standing," who so confidently refer the Lord of the universe to their church connection with the young carpenter of Nazareth, behold the ungathered throng of common humanity, without any sort of "standing," either in religion or in virtue, the crowd of human souls, burdened, stricken, fearful, only able in some rude fashion to send up the sad, human cry. Thus far the Christianity of Christendom, obeying the Jewish misconceptions of Jesus, rather than fulfilling his better conceptions, has played the Pharisee in Religion, and poured holy contempt on publican humanity. The Christians, thus far, have been a sect, in the narrowest and basest sense, a sect founded on the irreligious and inhuman assumption, that in the conjunction of God and humanity, outside of historical Christianity, there is no grace and truth worthy of God, and sufficient for man. In the same false spirit, every division of the Christian communion has been, and to this day remains, sectarian. The basis of every one blasphemously cuts the tie of creature with creator, and in cold Satanic unconcern severs the bond of humanity. I speak of notions, not necessarily of the men who have held them. Unfortunately, very good souls get,



## Demand for Religious Association. 495

through ignorance, into the chain-gang of the Devil, and through heady conceit are led into pious lying, pious murder, and pious blasphemy.

It is enough to remind the reader that already the judgment of the sober student is, that the Christianity of the recognized "name of Jesus" has actually been in history, take the whole through, one of the most cruel and godless religions under which humanity has ever groaned. Mr. Lecky says of the largest of the recognized Christian communions,—"The Church of Rome has shed more innocent blood than any other institution that has ever existed among mankind, . . . has inflicted a greater amount of unmerited suffering than any other religion that has ever existed among mankind." The same judicious authority pronounces with equal severity against Protestantism, declaring that "the persecution of which every Protestant Church was guilty, was measured by the same rule, . . . the principle was affirmed quite as strongly, was acted on quite as constantly, and was defended quite as pertinaciously by the clergy." He further asserts that "Persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine, digested into elaborate treatises, indissolubly connected with a large portion of the received Theology, developed by the most enlightened and far-seeing Theologians, and enforced against the most inoffensive, as against the most formidable sects. It was the doctrine of the palmiest days of Protestantism. It was taught by those who are justly esteemed the greatest of its leaders." He quotes, also, this judgment of Hallam: "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed churches, that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive." John Knox is styled by Mr. Lecky, a "great apostle of murder," the just ground being that Knox took the position that "that sharp judgment, the punishment of death, ought to be executed wheresoever Christ Jesus and his Evangill" are not rightly received. This infamous position is still the distinctively "Christian" position, as the term Christian is employed by those who claim that it particularly belongs to them. It is not, indeed, any longer possible to realize accredited Christianity on earth, under the antagonistic influences of civilization, but the godless and murderous tenet still holds its ground, in the full assurance that what cannot be done upon the body will very shortly be done upon the soul, "wheresoever Christ Jesus and his Evangill" are not received. The doctrine of universal Christendom in regard to the fate of common humanity is a blasphemy, a detestable villany, the like of which elsewhere religion has never so shamelessly sheltered. The historical development of religion to which the dogma of the punishment in hell of those who

believe not on the Lord Jesus Christ is a cherished standard, can never clear itself of the charge of selecting, as a banner to rally round, a flagrant heathenism. The worst conceit of the Jew wedded with the basest superstition of the barbarian occupies the very citadel of accredited Christian Theology. If there is one sect which does not make the Almighty an administrator of murder by hell-fire, and one which softens very much the usual hard temper of Christians towards common humanity, neither the one nor the other has yet dared to be even half-true. The leading Universalists to-day will, if they can, put out of their ministry any man who does not receive "Christ Jesus and his Evangill" after the spirit and fashion of accredited Christianity. Dispensing with the big hell hereafter, they keep a little hell for heretics here. The leading Unitarians of the regular sect, even a Hedge, a Bellows, and a Freeman Clarke, discriminate with the old Christian severity of conception, if with abundant kindness of spirit, and *exceptional* breadth of view now and then, against sinners, unbelievers, and heretics. And in regard to Unitarian possibilities, the accidental outbreak of ecclesiasticism just now has put Unitarianism into a false position, and given to its reactionists a grand advantage. Without exception, therefore, the recognized communions of Christendom, great and small, are false to humanity in their specially "Christian" and religious position.

But to-day, in the breasts of a great number of devout believers, the spirit of humanity is identical with the spirit of religion. The faith which is technically designated as THEISM has overcome the pious infidelity of the churches in a great number of earnest minds. To believe in the absolute adequacy of the providence and spirit, the external and the inward control, of the Author of all, has become to many a religious necessity superior to every other. Joined with this faith is an enthusiasm for humanity of the most sober and the deepest sort. Thus the broad conception underlying religion is that of one divinity in the creator and the creature, a fatherhood of deity, and a brotherhood of man, as universal and absolute as the creative force. The universal presence of one God and Saviour, and universal product of this presence in all souls, are the grand facts from which the new interpretation of religion sets out. In any particular religion, therefore, there will be at least an underlying power of truth, and in all humanity some fruit of this power. In no religion can there be ground for such pretension as the Christian and other very imperfect religions have set up. None of them shut up in themselves "grace and truth." No one of them has reason to claim peculiar relation to the universal divinity which has shaped the inward truth of all. Whatever

## Demand for Religious Association. 497

hero or master, example or teacher, any religion has produced, is but one illustration of the universal work of divinity in humanity. Hence absolute freedom in religion, no peculiar authority in any teacher or doctrine, no necessary relation of any soul to such teacher or doctrine, and no authority anywhere for sect or limited church. Hence the duty of faith in humanity and devotion to all souls alike, of a gospel of the life of God in the soul of man, a fearless doctrine of human progress, and enthusiasm for human welfare. Hence, also, the exorcism of the Pharisaic spirit and the cordial recognition of sinners, unbelievers, and heretics, with all good, all faithful, and all truth-loving, as members of one brotherhood.

The new demand for religious association is based in the growing consciousness of the absolute truth, apart from all historical examples, of pure religion. It is perceived by many that the true religion under accredited Christianity is not conditioned by the person and teaching of Jesus, but depends on that divinity which many another religion has had part and lot in. However, therefore, Jesus and his religion may be wonderful and eminent, it must be granted either that we may have Christianity without Christ, or else pure religion without Christianity. It is legitimate to refuse the name "Christian," on the ground that its narrow historical sense is the only sense usually admitted; and so not a few are ready for religious association without any reference to the "Christian" name and pretensions. It is also, and not less legitimate to maintain that Christianity in the true sense, the only philosophical, and only religious sense, is not the religion exactly which was shaped in the mind of Jesus, much less that which took form among the followers of Jesus, but that pure religion of divinity dwelling in humanity which the Infinite Spirit intended and intends, both in Jesus and the Christians, and in all other masters and disciples of religion; and that, in consequence, we may associate in the true Christian spirit, and on the true Christian basis without accepting the person and authority of the historical Christ. "Christianity without Christ?" cries the horrified literalist. Yes, just that, just as easily as humanity without Adam, or Calvinism without Calvin. The historical first example does not constitute the thing itself. Granting that Christianity is a fruit of the divine persence with man, it is perfectly possible that Jesus and his Jewish disciples, being among the earliest, were in some respects the poorest fruit of this indwelling divinity, which has only gradually wrought out the consummate plan of infinite wisdom. If Christianity be the true religion, it must have left behind its first instances, and will ere long leave behind its present instances. Hence the Christian necessity, in the

high spiritual sense of "Christian," of not accepting the limits of Jesus, or of any historical illustration of religion. There may be, along with the fearless assertion of spiritual freedom, the most cordial and the largest recognition of the value of the historical Christ and his teaching, but at all hazards freedom must be insisted on; and the appreciation which is accorded to historical Christianity, in its place, must be accorded to other, however less perfect, religions, in their place. Thus the first spoken word of the new faith is freedom; but this is no barren freedom. It but makes room for the largest spiritual faith, faith in the close communion of the Infinite Spirit with the spirit in man. In the unfolding of this faith there comes the recognition of absolute brotherhood among men, a church of the spirit broad as humanity. Here meet, then, all beliefs and aspirations. If the term "Christian" may be lifted out of its low and narrow associations, and made to signify *purely spiritual and humane*, as it undoubtedly may be, then here is the new Christian ground, on which all who have spiritual and humane purposes can meet in fellowship and in labor.

The practical ends of religious association, under existing arrangements in religion, are chiefly these, to communicate and increase faith, to aid the social organization of faith, and to promote and support the ministry of faith. At this time there is very great need of communication between the men and women of advanced faith, in order that the results of inspiration and meditation, of faith and study, in each, may be compared and united, to create an orderly body of doctrine and a full flow of spiritual life. The attrition of individual utterances gives a result better than any single mind would reach. In not a few cases one will judge much better what is right, in the setting forth of new thought, from hearing than from thinking, from discussion than from meditation. The ordinary mind, even when powerful, gives birth to new convictions most readily when another mind stimulates to action by the presentation of similar convictions. And still more, the great enthusiasms are rarely developed in solitude. To the arena, then, fearless believers and bold prophets, and let your best thought and deepest feeling find utterance.

No less important is the encouragement and assistance of attempts to organize religious society on the new basis of the free spirit. The time is ripe for these attempts, and the need of prompting and promoting them is immediate. In very much the same way as the sects assist new attempts, should the friends of free faith lend assistance to new movements. The loyal states of our country afford to-day an admirable field for free missionary work; and perhaps one of the

most important tasks to be performed to-day, is that of sending free evangelists through these states, especially through the West, to develop, and to some extent organize the emancipated faith of the awakened common mind. This work of organization needs also a centre of information and advice, such as all the active religious organizations have.

The inspiration and training of religious teachers, the location of them in suitable fields of labor, and the rendering when necessary of moral and other aid to those who attempt the difficult work of breaking new ground in the cultivation and organization of religion, demand association of counsel and of resources. This part of the work of religious association is perhaps more important than any other. It is possible to use the Unitarian Divinity Schools, since they, for the most part, impose no sort of restraint upon free study; but they need to be supplemented by instruction more free and broad than they have yet established. Some relics of superstition, such as the pious investigation of Israelitish heathenism in the original Hebrew, need to be pruned away. There may be found reason for establishing new schools for the free study of religion and preparation for free ministry. At any rate there is need of scholarly instruction in the new interpretations of truth, and of a fresh awakening of the grand enthusiasms of religion. There is need also of some efficient means of aiding the young teacher to find and enter upon a field of labor, and of extending to him the support of wide association and of firm union. No pains will be spared by the sects to break down attempts to establish religion upon the foundation of freedom. Every proper method of fighting the great battle of liberty should be made use of.

The formation of a FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION, *to promote the scientific study of theology, to advance the interests of pure and rational religion, and to increase fellowship in the spirit*, cannot be postponed to the petty exigencies of any sect, or to those even, still petty compared with the demands of humanity, of that which exalts itself in the world as "Christianity." It is indeed believed, and will be abundantly maintained, that the true Christianity is not that which exalts itself as such, and that the religion of humanity justly claims the Christian name and honor, but to-day, in the critical moment of religious reformation, humanity will dare even to say to the "Christianity" that rebukes it, "Get thee behind me." And that the great humane and religious work of the time, the confession of the everlasting gospel and proclamation of the universal church of the spirit, should wait on the necessities, distressing as these may be, of the Hundred Thousand Dollar Broad Church, will hardly be expected beyond the Uni-

tarian head-quarters and the *Christian Register* office. Nobody doubts that Unitarianism, ecclesiastically reconstructed, has work to do, such as it is. But that is no concern of those who feel called to take up that work of humanity which Unitarianism at this moment expressly refuses to touch. The Unitarian protest against secession, schism, and new association is utterly contemptible, because it means simply, don't follow your conviction of truth to any new field of duty and *hurt us!* I say the Unitarian protest, but I cordially express my firm belief that all that is manly and noble in Unitarianism, and that is very much, even at head quarters, will bid a hearty God-speed to the resolute, conscientious pioneers of new faith. Nothing hinders that a considerable number should work within old lines of association, and yet lend a hand in cordial support of new efforts to bless mankind. The work of a perfectly broad association will reach on the one hand into all the old fields, while on the other it extends emphatically and distinctively into those regions of humanity which lie outside of the names and lines of hitherto recognized communion. As in one sense the free believer and free thinker repudiates "Christianity," yet in the profound spiritual sense accepts it and assists in fulfilling it, and thus is in the line of all the confessors from the beginning, so in one sense he repudiates his sect, and all sects, and yet in the truest spiritual sense accepts whatever fold he has had a place in and helps to carry forward the lines of that fold, and is thus in full harmony with its true men and true aims. So far as the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Evangelical, or even the Romish Christian can fall back upon his most spiritual aims and most Christian principles, just so far will he find that the new work of the new time, instead of hurting him, by producing separation and injury, was foreordained from the foundation of the Christian religion and of humanity, and is but a beneficent widening of the one vineyard of the universal Lord.

Who then can say that there shall not be whatever new association the new work of the time may demand? Let the movement be made, and made boldly, with a practical aim at doing all the work of religious association, and full faith that this can be done. It is folly to be afraid of the necessary form and fixtures of work, as work has to be among men. Not to be able to use these is to be impotent. To be averse to the use of these is to shun the difficult side of our task. It is in the world that we must labor, and upon the world that we must work; it is impossible to shirk the difficulties and perils of world-effort, of organized action upon the mass of humanity. No doubt the modern Adam in the modern Paradise, fresh from the bath, and clad in clean linen, may be delicious unto himself, but such



## Why do not I call Myself a Christian? 501

dream life is no honest life in a world whose work involves grime and soil, and will involve it yet a good while. The problem is to accept all the outward humiliation of world effort without any inward degradation.

To organize fully and boldly, yet keep out the spirit of form and formalism ; to bind by the firm ties of efficient association, yet impair not at all individual freedom ; this is our task. Better try and fail, than keep our talent clean in a napkin. Still, it is quite true and right that individuals, if they do not elevate their idiosyncrasy into a principle, should consider themselves not called to the special labor of organizing. This hinders in no way the good work, because for a few that actually accept the bond of formal association, and serve as the organic centre of a great work, there may be any number who accept only the bond of the work, and lend their aid from an individual position. It is not to be regretted that few or none *desire* to be organizers, so long as enough are *willing* to be. It would be matter for profound regret if the right men should not be willing to serve in the right places, and all who are one in principle, not ready to unite in work. The preference for an individual platform must be sacrificed by some, so far as organization in the free spirit demands this, which is much less than some seem to assume. And it will be, undoubtedly, when the work shall present its demand. An efficient organization will be achieved, without impairing, except in appearance, any man's individual freedom and power.

EDWARD C. TOWNE.

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### WHY DO NOT I CALL MYSELF A CHRISTIAN?

FIRST, because it is an extremely ambiguous profession, and professions ought to be intelligible. We want to be understood, not misunderstood. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, understand that to profess oneself a Christian means at least to profess that one is a submissive and reverential disciple of Christ : but I am not and cannot be this.

Second, because the admission that Christianity is our religion draws after it the very vexatious, very difficult and obscure inquiry : What is Christianity ? in which valuable time and talents are wasted. If, for instance, the Indian Theists called themselves Christians

they would inflict upon their successors the curse of Christian controversies, from Romanism to the extremest Unitarian school.

Third, Christianity originally aimed to unite mankind, but is now the potent divider. We, from within, are proud of Christianity, and little realize how hateful it is, seen from without. What more wicked than the conduct of Christians for centuries together to Jews, to Indians, and to all the dark-skinned races? Why am I gratuitously to take on myself all this frightful odium?

Fourth, Jews, Mohammedans, Indians will all join without repugnance in a profession of theism; but they shudder at Christianity. To insist on this name is to claim that they shall forget the past and sacrifice their memories and their just hatred to our pride. By disowning the name Christian, I purge myself of Christian guilt; I profess to these that I have sympathy with their equal claims, and will meet them on a strictly common and neutral platform.

Fifth, Mr. C. K. W.\* appears to think it to be a clear axiom what was the cardinal teaching of Jesus, and that all we have to investigate is easy, even to the unlearned. For this he quietly assumes, 1. That we can trust our gospels. 2. That Jesus never was inconsistent with himself. He even quotes *John's* gospel, "Why, even of yourselves judge ye not that which is right?" as deciding that Jesus *desired* I should use freedom of examination! But first, I hold the 4th gospel to be manifestly a historical romance; next, such a saying is to me worth as much as the like exhortation from a Trinitarian. It is evident that we must either quite disown the gospels, or admit that Jesus *regarded men as impious who did not bow before him as an authoritative teacher*. I believe he taught as essential morality the selling one's goods, becoming beggars and following him, as a first duty. How can I honestly say I am his disciple, if I deeply disapprove of this? If I called myself anything, it would be a Paulician; but I regard *all* such names mischievous and degrading.

F. W. N.

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ALL great men come out of the middle classes. 'Tis better for the head; 'tis better for the heart. Marcus Antoninus says, that Fronto told him, "that the so-called high-born are for the most part heartless;" whilst nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant. — *Emerson*.

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\* See Radical for January.

[From The Cincinnati Gazette.]

## RELIGIOUS LIBERALITY.

MANY persons, no doubt, had their sense of propriety somewhat startled, on Saturday morning, at reading among the religious notices for Sunday that the Rev. Dr. Max Lilienthal, the elderly Rabbi of the Jewish congregation that worships in the Synagogue on the southeast corner of Broadway and Sixth Street, would preach to the First Congregational Society,\* in Hopkins' Hall, in the absence of the pastor, on the following morning. Such a pulpit exchange — or courtesy, rather, for we presume that Rev. Mr. Vickers would hardly have been admitted to the altar of the Broadway Synagogue, as an expounder of the law and the prophets as he understands them — has never been known before in this city, if anywhere. And when it is remembered that this Congregational Society professes to be one of the advance outposts of the Christian Church, and that the Jewish religion is the most ancient known to accepted history, this circumstance seems a striking confirmation of the adage, "Extremes meet."

A large congregation assembled at the usual church going hour, and after the customary introductory singing, the venerable Rabbi made the following prayer :

"Lord, our God, Thou art our Father, and we all are Thy children. Thy paternal kindness knows of no distinction of either race, or creed ; with all loving heart Thou art dispensating Thy blessings and Thy mercies to all of them. Thou hast created us all in Thy image ; Thou hast designated us all to be here — the recipients of Thy grace, and to be hereafter guided to higher degrees of happiness and perfection. O grant that we imitate the example set to us by Thy divine dispensation ; grant, that united in love we may worship Thy holy name : that hatred, bigotry, religious fanaticism may disappear from among us, in order that the human race, mutually assisting, mutually helping, mutually teaching and advising one another, may accelerate the time, in which Thou wilt be recognized as the One, and Thy name be one. O grant us, in this solemn hour of devotion and instruction, that we may be guarded by the light of truth which Thou hast planted into our mind and reason, so that, freed from prejudices and superstition, we may obviate all error, and, enlightened ourselves, assist in enlightening our fellow men. Give us that heart of love, that aspiration for a common brotherhood, that, freed from any self-conceiting, privileged arrogance, we may pity those who err, assist those who are not yet up to the truth, and

\* This Society was formerly under the charge of M. D. Conway. During his ministry it grew into the proportions of a Free Church. — *Ed. Radical.*

encourage one another not to falter, not to waver, but, relying on the final victory and triumph of truth, may contribute our share to the true redemption of mankind. Give us the firm spirit which is never discouraged, which never hesitates, but having recognized our duty and destiny, leads on to more, and greater triumphs. Confirm us in this hope, strengthen us in this faith, for the glorification of Thy name, and the improvement of the human race, which is reason, truth, righteousness, and perfection, for ever and ever, amen, amen."

After reading the 45th chapter of Isaiah, and the singing of another hymn — selected and read by the Doctor — he took his text from the 14th verse of the 14 chapter of Exodus: "Fear ye not; stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

The preacher first remarked upon the circumstances under which the words were uttered, and then continued substantially as follows:

"I felt a little embarrassed this morning when I stepped up into this pulpit — not so much on account of the novelty of this meeting, for I was longing for it many and many a year — not so much on account of the subject which I have to discuss before you, but because I was afraid of not answering your expectations, being conscious of my short-comings. The invitation had been extended to me but last Thursday, and during the last days of the week I am too much engaged to prepare myself for a sermon worthy to be delivered before your enlightened and liberal audience.

"But, brethren, we are living in such a great and glorious time that it wants but very little preparation. Touch any subject you please, there are so many interests, so much material, that we have only to turn our attention to what is before us to find plenty of thought for an hour's discourse. It took eighty years before American ideas were transferred to the old country; but it seems that since the Atlantic Cable unites the two hemispheres in our time of electricity, in our time of philosophy, ideas travel more swiftly, and from Italy, priest-ridden and crushed Italy, there comes now a new motto, the motto which the old man, Count Cavour, the good man who was called away in the midst of his activity, proclaimed, '*Chiesa libera in libero statu*' — A free Church in a free State. They stand aghast at this motto. We Americans wonder what is their astonishment, what their surprise. We have been reared in the midst of the principles of religious liberty; but they cannot understand it. Still, it is moving on, and agitating the whole continent there. We read that the Bavarian Catholic clergy admonished the Archbishop of Vienna to give up the *concordate*, and allow the Church and State to be separated.

"It is a great work, a mighty principle, 'a free Church in a free State.' What does it mean? We must consider the question in a two-fold relation: First, in the relation one church has to maintain with its sister churches; second, in the relation of each church to its own people. A free church — what does it mean? First, it means toleration. No matter

what its name — no matter what is creed — no matter what its doctrines ; all its priests, or ministers, must come up in our enlightened and advanced age, and say, Toleration, if not a fundamental principle of our creed, must henceforth be the ruling principle in practice — not that toleration which is enforced by the power of the State, not that toleration which the courts require, as the guardians of religious liberty, allowing no one to encroach on the rights of another. That is not the spirit of a free Church ; it is not the spirit which our age requires ; it is only a constrained, forced submission to be tolerant.

“What is it we are now proclaiming to mankind ? Separate the State entirely from the Church. What does this mean ? We are aware the Church cannot do without the protection of the State. It stands there with its exclusiveness, and says, within my province there alone is truth and morality, and justice, and salvation, and outside of it there is only heresy and damnation. The State can stand without it, and says, I cut loose from the power of the Church.

“It took thirty long bloody years before the Catholic Church was forced to tolerate the Protestant Church. It was not by their free will that religious liberty was allowed. The whole continent was strewn with the slain, and they only yielded the point when they could fight no longer. Their hate still remained ; the sword was only sheathed for the time, to be drawn again when opportunity offered.

“By and by there came a man — a philosopher and a king, Frederic the Great — accompanied by Voltaire, to whom the French will some day erect a national monument, proclaiming, for the first time : ‘Let every one become happy after his own fashion.’ He did not make it a law, however, and it was left to another man, a noble heart, who fell upon the neck of our great Benjamin Franklin, the Emperor Joseph, of Austria who first declared it as a law — every religion is tolerated, and protected by the power of law. And O, how the priests were frightened and excited by the proclamation. The Pope heard it away from Rome, and paid his court to the Emperor of Germany. The Emperor presented the Pope with a golden snuff box, and sent him home, saying, ‘My law remains still a law.’ Then the Priests of the Protestant State said : ‘We proclaim a Christian State.’ And in this Christian Protestant State they were just as exclusive as in the old one. But the prophet says : ‘Watchman, what of the night ?’ The watchman answers : ‘It is still night, but the morning is dawning.’ And the morning was dawning : The French Revolution came, and threw down thrones, and spectres, and priests, and declared no God. It was a false declaration, a stupendous wrong. But extremes meet. Thomas Paine, then in Paris, told them : ‘You are wrong ; you have gone too far,’ and he instituted a Sunday service.

“But here, on the virgin soil of America, there met those great and glorious men, those prophets and apostles of our age, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and laid down the great principle that the Church and State are separate institutions.

"In Europe a reaction took place and things went backward for a time. But there stands the German Strauss, the French Renan, and lastly the Bishop Colenso. They are all fighting for the same glorious principle, toleration in religion, and a separation of Church and State. The idea of one only true church has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"The second division of the subject is a church free as its own members. Toleration of one church with another is only a passive good. A church free in itself is governed by the law of love. 'Love one another.' To go up into the pulpit and preach the doctrine of love, and then to practice bigotry, hatred and fanaticism, is not freedom. To preach love to your fellow-men, and then say those who do not believe like you are to be damned to hell and perdition is an absurdity. It is blaspheming against God and religion. There is no freedom in such a church.

"It happened to me six months ago, while I was sitting in my office, that one of the principal surgeons of the city came to see me. He said he had just come from the death-bed of a Jewish woman, on whom he had performed a severe operation; that she suffered much, but died with great resignation and peace. After leaving her, he met a Christian clergyman, to whom he related the circumstances, and inquired what he thought would be her future state. 'O, she will go to hell; there is no salvation for her.' Then he wanted to know my views of the future. I told him that as a minister my belief would not have much weight with him, but I would refer to the sentiments of a man of whom he might know something. Thomas Paine, said I, is an infidel, and even he says: 'I believe in one God, and no more; and I believe in a future state of happiness.'

"A few days afterward a committee from a Christian association called on me and asked the privilege of consulting me on certain religious matters. They asked me, 'Do the Jews believe that Gentiles will be saved?' I answered no. 'Why so?' Because they don't believe the Jews are saved. We have nothing to do with being saved. Every one has to stand on his own merits; and every one on his own merits has to appear before his God. 'That is very tolerant,' they said. No, said I, that is only common sense, and common justice.

"Whenever I am in Philadelphia, and pass the glorious Hall of Independence, it seems to me as a modern Sinai—the Jerusalem, the Mecca—wherein the reconsecration of the human race is celebrated, from whence the doctrine 'Love one another' emanated, not within the Scriptural limit, as far as the doctrine of your church goes, but love one another in the spirit of a free Church, a free State, and worthy of the children of one great common Father. God has created us with mental faculties, and each has to work out the problem of truth for himself. Progress is our watchword and our destiny. It is the title of our nobility. The time has gone by when the instruments of the inquisition can be shown a Gallileo, for the purpose of compelling him to say, 'I renounce my doctrine of the movement of the heavenly spheres,' but who, when liberated, shouted back, 'but they do move, notwithstanding.' We cannot have one common sense in



the Church, and another common sense in science. Our boys and girls cannot go up to the High Schools and be taught one principle, and go into the Church and have it contradicted. We must have harmony in all our relations. I am astonished how men can get accustomed to believing things said in the Church which they would scout at in every-day matters. I must think they leave their common sense at the church doors.

"I have been five years a Director of the Relief Union, and during the long, bloody war, I was working every day, dispensing charity to the good people who needed it among the soldiers' families. One day a most respectable, charitable gentleman, who was similarly engaged, said to me it was raining, and asked me to get into his buggy and he would take me home. During the ride he said to me, 'You are a Jew.' Yes, said I. 'You seem to be a good man.' I am happy to meet your approval, was my remark. 'And I am sorry that you will be lost,' he said, with a sad tone. I did not know what to answer. I knew the man had common sense, and thought it strange he could not use it then as on other matters. Truth is harmonious, and consistent with every other truth. Let thrones crumble, and sceptres tremble; let aristocracies shake on their foundations; let parliaments fear and quake when twenty thousand men pass by claiming their rights; let priests cry perdition, ruin here and hereafter; don't mind it at all; stand firm, stand still, and see the help and the hand of the Lord. Truth must conquer, it will triumph. Progress is slow; the march of the human race is long, but there is only one end, turn which way you will.

"It is my prayer that with one heart and one mind we may work on, in the great task intrusted to us as a free people, reconciling the human race, and leading them to love one another as brethren, with the motto ever before us: 'A free church in a free State, and God one, forever and ever.'"

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## WEST INDIAN EMANCIPATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RADICAL:

My dear friend, F. W. Newman, has written me a letter concerning my treatment of the Jamaica troubles in your pages, correcting me in several important particulars. It is so important that we of America shall know all the facts on this subject, that I send you the main part of Mr. Newman's letter, observing only that my own account followed the most authentic documents I could procure.

Yours Truly,

M. D. CONWAY.

Westbourne Grove Terrace, London, Feb. 2.

## EXTRACT.

" I REMEMBER the outline of events as though it were yesterday. Wilberforce's agitation against the Slave Trade succeeded soon after I was born : in my boyhood and earliest youth the agitation against Slavery began. Before I was of age, the Tory Ministry was already making vehement efforts to improve the condition of the Slaves ; trying to extort from the planters, especially, 1. Right for the Slaves to be heard in evidence before juries ; 2. Right of legitimate marriage. (Perhaps other things also, but these were most talked of.) They got nothing but flat refusals, and ultimately insult. Sir George Murray, Colonial Secretary, sincerely did his best. Mr. Canning, in 1825, as (Tory) Foreign Minister, uttered a speech of vehement eloquence in Parliament, against the planters, being stirred up by cases of frightful cruelty, of which the Ministry had official knowledge. But the Tory Government stood on West Indian votes too much, and therefore could not dare to do anything effectual. The Reform Act of 1832 changed the Constituencies, and Lord Grey's Ministry was momentarily omnipotent to do everything which public opinion approved. (It could have reformed the Lords, the Church and the Universities, and so have carried us fifty years forward, but it would not.) The public horror caused by the official avowal of the cruelties spread the movement for total abolition as no eloquence could have done. Wilberforce was quite superannuated, and the new movement preached a new doctrine, that by *reason of the moral nature of man, Slavery is an essential immorality*. This superseded all idea of compensation to the planters. It also cut us loose from Biblical special pleading, and was adopted by all the Dissenters, however Biblical their theory, and by the most ardent Philanthropists of the Evangelicals. I have a tract by Sir George Stephens, brother of Sir James Stephens, so long in the Colonial Office, one of the new leaders of the movement, in which he says retrospectively that they never had any considerable success with the public until they proclaimed and urged this doctrine. It is true that they also argued that Slavery is wasteful, and that it was nonsense to pretend that free labor cannot compete with it. In fact, the West Indian party would not allow even East Indian sugar to come in on the same duties, but had a protective duty against it ; which was a confession on their part. Surely our abolitionists will not be blamed by you for using this argument. In every nation there is a class so materialized in mind, that it resists all noble and generous arguments, but yields to economical ones. We ought not to despise their votes, if we grieve over their low sentiment ; and, if we use the moral and spiritual arguments as primary, we can never degrade our cause by adding economical ones.

" The idea that compensation to the planters was ever given by Parliament is a fiction of the planters after the event. Parliament voted freedom quite independently of compensation. No West Indian of 1833 dared to claim compensation. So long ago as Mr. Pitt's youth, the illegality of West Indian Slavery had been avowed by him in Parliament without contradic-

tion. The West Indian planters appealed to the mercy of the Ministry to do something to help them through the inevitable crisis, and begged a loan of fifteen millions of pounds to be repaid in installments; since, not being accustomed to pay wages, they had no capital to manage the estates under conditions of freedom. When Mr. Stanley, now Earl Derby, then Secretary for the Colonies, asked for the "loan," Parliament voted it without hesitation, the great economist, Joseph Hume, not objecting. The West Indians at once saw their folly in asking a "loan." They came at once to Mr. Stanley, and said they saw great difficulty in repaying the money, and doubted whether fifteen millions was enough; and, in short, feared the colonies could not get through their difficulties — which, of course, was what Parliament desired — unless it was a *gift*: and they thought it ought to be twenty millions. Within three days of the vote of the loan, Parliament, at the request of Mr. Stanley, changed it to a gift of twenty millions. There was no idea in this of compensation. Nor was Parliament actuated by any low "shop-keeping" notions; it was full of the glow that pervaded the national heart. The nation abhorred the system, but pitied all its victims, and wanted to get rid of the guilt and disgrace, and was so glad to get rid of it, as hardly to think five minutes over twenty millions.

"Lord Brougham thought himself very wise, and was really mischievously stupid, in then devising a scheme of apprenticeship in order to accustom the negroes gradually to freedom, and obviate the danger of vagabondism and idleness. This idea had never come before the public during the agitation. It was concocted and approved in the Cabinet, and carried by the power of the Ministry; but its avowed purpose was for the advantage of police, and benefit of the negro himself, not as a private boon to the planters. Yet in a few years the planters not only called the twenty millions "compensation," and so dinned it into our ears that the new generation has come to believe it, but had the impudence to claim the apprenticeship as part compensation.

"The Ministry of Lord Grey sincerely wished to defend the negro from the planter, and tried to do so by stipendiary magistrates. You censure it (and us all) for not giving land and education to the negro; but first, unhappily the English mind is not even yet enlightened as to the rightfulness of this for even English peasants; next, Parliament had no legal control over the West Indian Parliaments, which had as full legal right there, as our Parliament here. \*

"It is not true that the English nation, which desired emancipation, was counting on the negro as sugar and coffee makers, and became disappointed when less sugar was produced. The great falling off in West Indian sugar did not occur as a result of freedom, but as a consequence of the admission of first, East Indian, and next, of Brazilian sugar into the

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\* This hardly meets my statement. The English Parliament had at least the power to do as much for the freed negroes as for the planters: to the latter they gave 20,000,000 pounds, to the former — .

British market on equal duties. Those who still held together as "abolitionists" — a small but influential band — exposed themselves to the imputation of inconsistency for resisting the equalization of duties on Brazilian sugar. Previously they had said, 'Slavery is wasteful, a free labor can compete with and beat it.' At the second stage they said, 'The West Indians now having free labor cannot compete with the slave labor of Brazil.' Nothing so much damaged them with the public; they appeared to make the West Indian negro their pet. It was notorious that by the aid of the high protecting duty the negro was flourishing greatly; as appeared, ten times as well as English peasants. The West Indians then used no sugar but slave-sugar. They sent every hogshead of their own to England. As soon as these laws were abolished, the West Indian planters found many estates not worth cultivating. A large diminution of exportation took place, which the English nation neither regretted nor knew; but certain newspapers, and Mr. Carlyle, took up the cause of the planters, and began an unceasing course of slander against the negroes, by which they have perverted the minds of the whole younger generation of our educated classes.

"It is most true that the abolitionists had no understanding and no foresight as to the cruel oppression which the negroes as freemen would have to suffer from the white local legislatures. But if they had foreseen it, I believe they would have been powerless to induce Parliament to overthrow, by an act of illegal power, the West Indian Constitutions, and put all the islands under the Crown, and nothing short of this could have even begun the amelioration needed. How much less could they have induced Parliament to make the negroes free-holders, when all our Political Economists were preaching the intense mischief of little freeholds, and thought that the dying out of that system in England was the *vis medicatrix* of nature throwing off a disease! In part, the sincere ignorance of our people, — in part, the aristocrätical sentiment of our land owners, — made it impossible for the last generation to do justice to the free negroes. . . .

"You must also remember, that although whigs and tories alike were shocked by the slavery *as it was*, the moral zeal against slavery *as such* came from below, and after it had removed the slavery, could not be sustained in activity. Cobden used to say, that the nation cannot have more than one agitation at a time. After the apprenticeship was terminated, the nation imagined that the work was done. The negro *seemed* to be put on as good a footing as the English peasant, and to cease to be any immediate object that could call forth our exertion. The ministry, overworked on all sides, had more than enough to do in resisting attempts to make a new slave trade, under pretence of Coolie immigration, and had so little strength to spare, that it did not wish to bring on itself more odium from the planters than was inevitable. This may be a weakness, but is not the 'coffee and sugar' theory you impute."

## BOOK NOTICES.

**WAR POEMS: By ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.** Boston: Little and Brown. 1867.

Mr. Cutler's neat little volume of lyrics is a poet's record of our late war. The patriotism of those who hastened to the field, and the equal sacrifice of those who awaited their return, the pride of victory and the desperation of defeat, are described in lines full of the passions and emotions which the war inspired. The thought is often happily supported by the movement of rhythm and the sound of words. The "Dirge" tolls, the "Cavalry Song" gallops, and the cheer of victory rings in the closing lines of "Io Triumphe."

"For, O, the land is safe, is safe; it rallies from the shock!  
Ring round, ring round, ye merry bells, till every steeple rock!  
Let trumpets blow and mad drums beat! let maidens scatter flowers!  
The sun bursts through the battle smoke! Hurrah! the day is ours!"

The "Lullaby" possesses this graceful adaptation of measure, together with a touching simplicity. A young mother, rocking her baby to sleep at twilight, sings softly of the absent father who in the wet, cold night must guard the sleeping camp:

"He can hear the lullaby,  
He can see the laughing eye:  
Sleep, baby, sleep!  
And he knows, though we are dumb,  
How we long to have him come  
Back to baby, mother, home.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

At the close of the "Colonel's Last Words," the Homeric incident of Xanthos and Achilles using as weapons the dead bodies of heroes, furnishes the author with a good illustration of our great war of principle.

"Great purposes are absolute of means;  
No one can choose his attitude of doing,  
When Xanthos and Achilles wage the war  
As old as God, irreconcilable,  
'Twixt the old form, outlingering its age,  
And the new form impatient to succeed.  
All day the battle raged, and the red land,  
And all the sea as far as Tenedos,  
Were horrible with corpses, till Hephaistos  
Blasted the evil river to its source."

In the "Regiment's Return," the story of a young woman, longing passionately for her lover's return, and refusing to believe in the possibility of disappointment till his regiment arrives without him, is told with simple truthfulness. This, and the following sonnet are, perhaps, the best poems in the volume.

"The flag is folded; for the battle's din,  
The cry of trumpet, and the blaze of gun,  
The thundrous rush of squadrons closing in,  
The stifled groan, the triumph-shout, are done,  
And Peace is come with passionless, mild eyes,—  
A mother's eyes, a mother's tenderness;  
Calmed by her touch the weary nation lies,  
And feels her dewy breath upon his face.  
But Time cannot avail, with all his years,  
Some chasms in our riven hearts to fill,

Whence misty memories rise and break in tears,  
And ghosts of buried hopes that haunt us still,  
Yet bring a kind of joy,—the solemn trust  
That form is more than unsubstantial dust."

Following the "War Poems," and according with them in spirit, are two translations: the lament of Andromache over dead Hector, from the *Iliad*, and the sacrifice of Iphigenia, from Lucretius. The former is the best English version of the same passage we have seen; while the latter, faithfully accomplished in fewer lines than the Latin, reads like an original poem.

The matured judgment of time alone can determine Mr. Cutler's rank among poets, but he has some of the qualities with which a poet is born. His conceptions are poetical, his execution is artistic. He resorts to no trickery. His style is rapid and vigorous. He has an individuality which raises him above imitation, and, what is more rare, a sensibility which is sympathetic. Skillfully touching the chords of national feeling he has insured a welcome for his verses which their poetic merit will make cordial.

J. H.

SOME OF THE THOUGHTS OF JOSEPH JOUBERT. Translated by GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: William V. Spencer.

We have to thank Mr. Spencer, whose enterprise guided by his good taste, has enriched our libraries with so many valuable publications, for giving us another choice little volume.

The translator has done his work well, prefacing the book with so interesting a biographical notice of Joubert. In the case of one idiom only, occurring in two or three passages, has he turned aside from good English while keeping the sense of the author.

Joubert's perceptions were delicate and clear, though his reasoning powers were not extraordinary; and his maxims for life are far more valuable than his notions of philosophy. His judgments of literary works are pithy, just, and so far as they go, eminently satisfactory.

Perhaps the best portion of this work is that rare little section VI., "What is modesty?" Joubert gives us here an exquisite delineation of that evanescent quality which, as he well says, "will hardly bear to be named," written with that airy grace only attainable by one of his nationality, and alone containing merit enough to redeem far worse defects than can be attributed to this little book.

A. S. B.

A YANKEE IN CANADA, with Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers. BY HENRY D. THOREAU. Ticknor and Fields.

Thoreau's account of his trip into Canada and back is very interesting. But the papers of greater interest in this book, are "Civil Disobedience," "A Plea for Captain John Brown," "Thomas Carlyle and his Works," and "Life without Principle." His "Plea" for Captain Brown is a remarkable production. It was made under circumstances that proved him no unworthy compeer of the old hero himself. At that time, not a dozen courageous voices in this country said that Brown had in any sense done right. But one, to whom "civil disobedience" was a familiar thought, would naturally be among the first to detect amid the excitements of the hour, the cries of "treason," "insane," "misguided," &c., the truth of history. ED.

#### THE DIAMOND DICKENS.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have commenced the republication of the entire works of Charles Dickens, promising one volume per month. The three volumes that have already appeared are, "Pickwick Papers," "Our Mutual Friend," and "David Copperfield." The edition is cheap, but very neat and substantial. The illustrations are good, some of them very fine.